

Junior, Senior
Election Petitions
Due December 10

The University Hatchet

STUDENT



Troubadours
Reserve Seat Sale
Begins Thursday

WEEKLY

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Section One

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Homecoming Ends With Colorful Ball At Mayflower Hotel

Affair Proves Successful Beyond Fondest Hopes of Sponsors

George Washington University's first Homecoming celebration ended Thanksgiving eve with the dying strains of "Home, Sweet Home," played at the termination of the Homecoming Ball. The success of the whole program of events far exceeded any expectations of its sponsors.

"Approximately 2,000 alumni attended all of the functions," says Ted Rhinehart, who was maestro of the celebration, "which far exceeded my expectations. The one factor that reflects more credit on the school than any other was the manner in which the student body entered into the various activities."

"I should say," Ted went on, "that if the students continue to support Homecoming as they did the celebration this year we should, in five years' time, have at least 7,000 alumni attending instead of 2,000. Moreover, with Homecoming becoming a tradition the absolute necessity of the construction of a large auditorium, a suitable athletic field house, and a stadium, will certainly approach realization."

Skits at Auditorium
Over 5,000 alumni, students, professors, and other friends of the University saw the sophomore skit win out over the one given by the freshmen Wednesday night at the Auditorium. It witnessed the triumph of the production given by the fraternities over that given by the sororities. An excerpt from the Troubadours' musical comedy last year, "Happy Landings," was presented. A most enthusiastic and responsive audience received all of the opuses with the best of good fellowship and applause.

On Wednesday afternoon a tea and reception was given in the Trustees' Room by the President of the University, who, in the course of the afternoon, received over 500 graduates of all ages.

Colonials Battle Sooners
Thursday afternoon at 2:30 the Colonials battled the Sooners of Oklahoma University to a 7-7 tie in one of the

(Continued on Page 4, Column 4.)

Law School Review Released This Week

Wickersham, Van Vleck, Miller Write Articles; Many Subscribe

For the past 10 years the faculty and students of the George Washington University Law School have been considering the feasibility of establishing a George Washington Law Review. In the Bicentennial year of the celebration of the birth of George Washington, the Law School has found it possible to realize the ambitions of the past decade. These ambitions have been realized beyond the fondest dreams of those students and faculty members of 10 years past with the release of the first issue of the George Washington Law Review this week.

More than 40 states and several foreign countries are represented on the subscription list of the George Washington Law Review. Germany, Brazil, American Samoa, Alaska, and Puerto Rico are included on the foreign list. Departing from the usual custom of such publications, the local quarterly is being sold on its merits as a legal publication. Students in the School of Law are under no compulsion to subscribe. Comments on the November edition indicate that it will rate as one of the leading law journals in the nation. It is the only review given over entirely to Federal and Constitutional law.

Cover Is Attractive
Dressed in a blue cover with a two-color buff and blue University crest, the publication contains in excess of 164 pages of legal material. Efficiency of the quarterly is demonstrated by the fact that its annotations include the latest Supreme Court decisions.

The initial edition of the Review features three leading articles. In "The World Court and the Senate Reservations," George W. Wickersham describes the efforts which have been made to secure the acceptance of the jurisdiction of this tribunal by the United States. He analyzes the reservations proposed by the Senate in its conditional ratification of the World Court protocol and proposes an agreement on this vital question which would safeguard the nation's interests and increase the efficiency of the Court.

The author is president of the American Law Institute and a former United States Attorney General.

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Action Scene From the Big Push



A lively moment during the hectic frosh-soph pushball scrimmage held on the Ellipse last Wednesday afternoon as a feature of the Homecoming celebration. The game, it is alleged by the victorious freshmen, was a pushover.

\$200 Essay Contest Prize Announced By Charles E. Hill

Subject Is Promotion of Peace Among the Nations of World

Announcement of the Alexander Willbourn Weddell prize of two hundred dollars to be awarded annually at the June Commencement to the student of the University registered for a degree who submits the best essay on some subject related to "The Promotion of Peace Among the Nations of the World," has been made by Charles E. Hill, chairman of a committee of judges appointed by President Cloyd Heck Marvin.

Other members of the committee are James O. Murdock, lecturer on international law, and John Donaldson, professor of political economy.

The essay must be submitted to the chairman of the committee on or before April 25, 1933. It must be at least 5,000 words long and must have the proper documentary citations and a list of the source material used. It must be typewritten, and must be accompanied by a separate letter containing the name of the writer, his Washington address, and the department of the University in which he is registered. The contestants should register their names and subjects with the chairman at the earliest possible date.

There follows a list of subjects suitable for the competition. Other subjects may, however, be chosen with the consent of the committee.

- Subjects Listed
1. The Development of International Law by the Permanent Court of International Justice.
 2. The Contributions of Woodrow Wilson to World Peace.
 3. Should the United States Recognize Soviet Russia?
 4. The Manchurian Problem.
 5. Intellectual Cooperation Between Institutions of Learning in Various Countries.
 6. The Constructive Work of the Pan-American Union.
 7. International Commercial Arbitration as a Possible Law Merchant for World Business.
 8. International Exchange Restriction.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3.)

Actives May Attend Annual Pledge Prom

Three actives from each fraternity on the campus have been invited to attend the annual Interfraternity Pledge Council prom, to be held in the main ballroom of the Shoreham Hotel, on Friday, December 9. The president, Interfraternity Council representative, and the inductor, or "goat master," will be the three representatives.

Departing from orthodox programs, the prom committee has made novel arrangements for the dance program for the evening. Each dance will be named in honor of one of the twelve fraternal organizations on the Pledge Council. A special medley of fraternity songs will precede the grand march for the evening.

George Hawes, social chairman, and William Franklin, president of the Council, will lead the grand march. They will announce the names of their partners in next week's Hatchet.

Elaborate favors will be given at this dance, which is open only to fraternity pledges and invited guests. Corages will not be permitted.

Troubadour Tickets For Sale Thursday

Tickets for the Troubadour show, "Oh, Say! Can't You See?" to be held at the McKinley Auditorium on the nights of December 14, 15, 16, and 17, will go on sale on Thursday, December 1, at the Troubadour office, 700 Twentieth street northwest. They will also be sold at tables in Corcoran and Stockton Halls during rush hours.

Mail orders will be filled in the order of their receipt. Blanks for this purpose were included with the Bursar's bills, mailed last Wednesday.

Tickets will be priced as follows: Reserved seats in first ten rows of orchestra, \$1.50; reserved seats in remainder of orchestra, \$1.00; balcony seats, unreserved, \$0.75.

Willard Contributes To Literary Review

Hoover, Roosevelt, Thomas, May Write for Hatchet Monthly

Abstinence from marriage, birth control, and delayed marriages are characterized as "cultural causes" by Dr. Dudley W. Willard, professor of sociology at the University, in an article, "Why Education?" featured in this issue of The University Hatchet Monthly Literary Review.

Too much culture and not enough learning designed to give the American student a practical, broadening education is the cause for the special class of culturally endowed unemployed, declares Dr. Willard. He discards the popular notion of cultural learning to elaborate upon the more unorthodox theory of practical education, insisting that "it behooves us to find a cultural remedy for an overpopulation culturally imposed, which in turn accentuates the permanent forces of decline. Social economy as well as social justice points to the threat against our future prosperity of this floating and unattached population."

President Herbert Clark Hoover, President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Norman Thomas will be approached as contributors to a political symposium to be published in a future issue of the Review.

Negotiations are underway for an article by the editor of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," which was written anonymously. In all probability the identity of the author, if disclosed at all, will be made public for the first time when he contributes to the University publication.

Contributors Announced

Following the policy initiated by its November issue when the Review contained a discussion of the Sino-Japanese controversy by Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, internationally famous Chinese diplomat, and Hiroshi Saito, noted for his activity in negotiations between Japan and the United States in the Manchurian controversy, Paul Linebarger, editor of the publication, announces the names of tentative contributors who will spread their editorial wares before the eyes of George Washington students.

Ruby Black, prominent Washington journalist, will write a political story for the Review. The Hon. Paul Myron W. Linebarger, legal advisor to and special envoy of the Chinese government, is expected to contribute an article. He is the author of many books and is the founder and former editor of "The Chinese Nationalist."

Interesting Persons Register at Lambie For Alumni Reunion

Henry Herzog Registers First; Samuel Walker, Oldest Grad, Present

Many interesting personalities were included among our visiting grads at the Homecoming. Perhaps most touching was the arrival of Samuel Hamilton Walker, of Washington, D. C., the oldest grad present at Homecoming Day. Mr. Walker was graduated in 1864, which was long before many of our grandfathers were beyond the "folded napkin" stage. Other old alumni present were Dr. Daniel Kerfoot Shute, '84; Charles Henry Butler, '82; Dr. Harry W. Sessford, '86, and Dr. Walter A. Frankland, '96.

Henry William Herzog, class of '30, was the first alumnus to register at Homecoming. Mr. Herzog, since his graduation, has been graduate manager of the George Washington University publications. The first out-of-town graduate to register at Lambie House was Miss Mary Magruder, of Sandy Spring, Maryland.

A George Washington University family stole honors for the longest distance traveled when Col. Howard W. Hodgkins arrived from Chicago. Col. Hodgkins comes from a real G. W. U. family, his grandfather having received an honorary degree here, his father being both a graduate here and then dean of the University in 1920. His uncle, Harry C. Hodgkins, is associate professor of mathematics in the University. And, to complete the picture, Col. Hodgkins' daughter, Helen, is now a sophomore here.

In an interview with a Hatchet reporter, Col. Hodgkins said he was happy to be back to greet Dr. Marvin, having received the latter in Chicago as secretary of the G. W. U. Alumni Club of Chicago. The Colonel predicted that George Washington is now "hitting its stride" and will become nationally known as an outstanding school within a short period.

Some of the other grads registered at Lambie House included Mrs. Virginia Bullock-Willis, 24, widow of late George Bullock-Willis, '16, of the United States Consular service, and a descendant of the Washington family; Mrs. William A. McLendon (Virginia Frye, '30), of Jacksonville, Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Turner (1908 and '09).

Venus and Adonis Are to Be Chosen Through Unique Cherry Tree Contest

Contestants to Be Selected from Photographs Taken by January 1; Popular Movie Actor and Actress to Act as Judges in Picking Winners

Who is the most beautiful coed and who is the most handsome man at George Washington? This debatable question will be answered this year by the Cherry Tree.

Negotiations have practically been completed by the Cherry Tree board to engage the services of a very popular movie actor and actress, who will pick the winners of this contest.

Entries will be selected in the following manner: Every fraternity, club, or organization which has 75 per cent of its members photographed by January 1, 1933, will be entitled to one entry. In addition to the photographs submitted by organizations, the Cherry Tree staff will pick at random 10 men's and 10 women's pictures, which also

COUNCIL SETS DATE TO FILE PETITIONS

Music Integral Part Of New Show's Plot Avers Dan Beattie

Numbers Suit Characters, Personalities; Blues Songs Are Featured

"Music for 'Oh, Say! Can't You See?' the forthcoming Troubadour show to be given at McKinley Auditorium the nights of December 14, 15, 16 and 17, will be an integral part of the plot, both in respect to the tunes and the lyrics," says Dan Beattie, composer.

All the musical numbers were written to fit in with the plot, the characters of the show, and the personalities of the Troubadours who will sing them. They range from a low, minor blues song offered by Nell Griffith, star of Northwestern University musical productions, to a typical Joe Danzansky comic number, with a love waltz, a love ballad, and quick tuneful chorus rhythms interspersed throughout the show. The variety of music is even more extensive than in "Happy Landings," the 1931 show, according to the composers, Dan Beattie and George Wenzel.

The theme song, "Oh, Say! Can't You See?" is an original melody which lends itself to a variety of interpretations, and which will be "on your mind" after the show, further prophesies from the musical director indicate. The scenery, on which the staging department has been working for over a month, will be the most elaborate ever used in any Troubadour production, according to members of the crew.

Five Settings Used
The five separate settings for the nine scenes of the show will include the inside and outside of a theatrical dressing room, a large room in a millionaire's country home, a garden at this same estate, and a backstage scene.

Dean Longfellow, stage director of Troubadours, is in charge of design and construction of scenery and properties, with the assistance of Deborah Daniel, Florence Hedges, Katherine Sandberg, L. Robinson, Katherine Cutter, Catherine Cullis, B. Noble, Warren Lawton, Sam Putrovsky, Myer Stolar, Walter Lockhard and Stearns McNeil. Howard Bishop, Elliott Murphy and John Flegley are electricians.

Costumes for this year's show were designed by Ruth Warren, costume director, and her assistant, Caroline Schreiner. They are being made by Mullane, professional costumer, who has won a wide reputation for the work he has done for professional and local amateur productions. The choruses alone will have eight changes, three for both the tall and small choruses, and two for the middle chorus.

Longer Christmas Vacation Desired

Many students have expressed the hope that the University would change the dates of the Christmas vacation to enable an earlier departure by out-of-town students who would not be able to reach home by Christmas Day under the present arrangement.

Last week The Hatchet carried an editorial expressing this desire, but to determine how many students are interested in this change, petitions are now being circulated.

Senior Class Council and Junior Officers to Be Chosen December 21

FORMS IN DECEMBER 10

Nominating Blanks May Be Secured from Maude O'Flaherty, Building H

Nominating petitions for delegates to the Senior Class Council and for junior class officers must be filed with Loren Murray, chairman of the Student Council committee on class organizations, before 6 p. m. on Saturday, December 10. Petition forms may be secured from Miss Maude O'Flaherty, office of Columbian College, first floor of Building H.

The junior class took the initiative in its organization by requesting that the Student Council conduct an election of officers. Senior class organization is being advanced at this time by the Student Council in order to avoid the complications which have arisen in past years' due to last minute elections in the spring.

One delegate from the senior class of each college of the University will be elected. The delegates so elected will collectively form the Senior Class Council. Any senior class presidents already elected in their respective schools will be recognized as official delegates.

There will be only one set of junior class officers for the entire University. A president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer will be elected.

Nominating petitions for senior class delegates must be properly signed by at least five per cent of the seniors in the individual schools. No student is to sign more than one petition. A senior is defined as any student who is eligible for graduation in June, 1933.

Juniors Elect at Large
Petitions for the four junior class officers must be signed by at least 15 juniors. No student is to sign more than one petition for each office. A junior is defined as a student with from 60 to 90 hours of completed work.

Attention is called to the difference in officers elected in the two classes. The senior class of each college of the University is to elect a delegate to a Senior Class Council; the delegates so elected will elect a senior class president and other necessary officers from among their number. The juniors, however, will elect their officers at large from the entire junior class.

After the petitions are duly filed they will be carefully checked by the Student Council. Announcement of eligible candidates will be made in The Hatchet of December 13.

Balloting will take place in Lambie House on December 21. Voting procedure and other details will be announced in the next issue of The Hatchet.

Returns of the elections will be announced at an Election Returns Dance to be held in Corcoran Hall on the night following the election.

NEWS BRIEFS

Women Debaters to Meet
The women's intercollegiate debating season gets under way with the announcement of a meeting for all women interested in debate, to be held in room 11, Building G, on Wednesday, November 30, at 2:10 p. m.

Dean Ruediger to Conduct Chapel
Dean William C. Ruediger will conduct the chapel program Friday in Corcoran Hall, according to Provost William Allen Wilbur. The short service begins at 12:10.

Provost Wilbur also stated that special programs are being arranged for December 9 and 16.

Labor Leader to Speak Here
Under the auspices of the Liberal Club, the Hon. Fenner Brockway, M. P., chairman of the British Independent Labor Party, will speak on the present world crisis on Wednesday night in W-17, at 8 o'clock.

Bridge Party Scheduled
Beta Chapter of Phi Delta Gamma, national professional sorority, will hold its annual bridge party on Friday evening, December 2, at 8 o'clock, at the Burlington Hotel. Beta Chapter is affiliated with The George Washington University. Its patronesses include: Mrs. Winnie Barrows, Miss Elizabeth Cullen, Mrs. Joshua Evans, Jr., and Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin.

Marvin, Doyle, Attend Meetings
President Cloyd Heck Marvin and Dean Henry Gratton Doyle attended the sessions of the Middle States Association of College and Universities in Atlantic City last week.

The University Hatchet

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Don't Be Afraid to Write

Your Views About Christmas Vacation

There has been much discussion on the matter of extending Christmas vacation. This proposal was voiced in The Hatchet last week. As yet there has been no official action taken by the administration. We assume that officials of the University are seeking student reaction to the proposal. The columns of The Hatchet are open to student opinion. DO WE NEED AN EXTENSION OF THE CHRISTMAS RECESS? IS STUDENT OPINION IN FAVOR OF SUCH ACTION? WE AWAIT YOUR COMMENTS!

It Was a Great Homecoming And Sets a Worthy Precedent

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY'S FIRST ANNUAL HOMECOMING WAS A SUCCESS! After weeks of preparation and months of well-laid plans, the University has successfully staged a real welcome to its alumni. Enthusiastic homecomers thronged the Washington Auditorium Wednesday night where they were royally entertained. Fraternities decorated their houses, social activities kept things moving, and the game on Thursday was the crowning event of the program. The start has been made. It is up to future Buff and Blue students to keep alive the tradition which has been made a part of George Washington history during the past week.

Congratulations to the Football Team; Bon Voyage to the Graduating Members

Won—6; tied—1; lost—2! That summarizes the achievements of the 1932 George Washington University football squad. But such a summary is inadequate. This record, as impressive as it is, records but a portion of the accomplishments of the Buff and Blue team. Paramount is the enviable record which Coach Pixlee's boys have made for good sportsmanship. It is one thing to point to a string of victories and another to be commended by coaches and officials throughout the country as "playing the game fairly." We can pay no higher tribute to our football squad than to congratulate them because they played good football and were "good sports" while so engaged. We can only hope that the successors to the ten men who battled for their Alma Mater for the last time Thursday, will equal the standards of football and sportsmanship which these ten have been instrumental in creating. To these ten men we say "farewell and our best wishes to you. Your task has been well done."

The George Washington Law Review Scores a Decided Success

It is indeed fitting that George Washington University, located in the Nation's Capital, should lead law schools throughout the country in the production of a worthwhile journal. Commensurate with a reputation for an exceptional law school it is no coincidence that the University has worked ten years before completing arrangements for a publication that is truly without competition, since it is the only quarterly dealing exclusively with Federal and Constitutional matters.

The initial edition of the Review contains articles by legal authorities of national prominence. Its pages contain comments on forty important cases. The George Washington Law Review compares favorably with any and surpasses some of the journals of older and longer established schools.

Juniors and Seniors Have Ample Opportunity to Show Spirit

The stage is being set for impartial and well planned junior and senior class elections. Unfortunately the history of such elections has been anything but favorable. A senior class presidency is perhaps the most honored position in the University. The same is true to a degree of any class presidency.

Class officers should receive pictorial recognition in the Cherry Tree because of the importance of their position. Their election cannot be a haphazard proposition. Consequently it is up to the members of the junior and senior classes to discriminate in the choice of candidates.

IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT THE FINAL VOTE BE CAST BY EACH MEMBER OF THE CLASS FOR THAT INDIVIDUAL WHOM HE FEELS WILL MOST CAPABLY FILL THAT POSITION. The Hatchet is entirely in sympathy with this movement to eradicate the apathy which has attended the last elections.

CHIPS

Au revoir, Johnny Fenlon and Co. You came in a blaze of glory and you leave behind you footprints in the sands of fame. What a Homecoming from start to finish, even Elmer Louis will have to admit that. Rollo made first radio appearance with the G. W. cheering club which rendered those spine-tingling G. W. cheers while "Abou Ben" Pixlee (may his tribe increase!) chatted affably about sensational things with "Allah" Costello, who, incidentally, should be a judge of such things. A big jigger for Allah. And as for Allah's little crack at Dickie in the Sunday Times-Herald, naughty sports editors should not be caught in naughty places doing questionable things if they do not wish to have tales told about them.

My! what a nite was skit nite, due to the side notes of Messrs. Summers, Savage and Fesler. That Molyneux song was an excellent imitation of a silent movie.

Fan mah brow, can that Crump woman yodel! There's a hint, Dan, if you want to put this year's show over with a bang. That Pan-Hellenic mess was done in just about the same amount of fog with which the actual rush season is embogged. It looks like McCammon has successfully inserted herself in the Fick-McCarver combination so that it's now one of them triangle things.

After sitting through "Chips Personified" I can sympathize with my readers if the column even faintly resembles the act. McArthur has shifted her attention from batons to Phi Delta, but my little maid Betty noticed that both she and Olivia Nixon had twins at the all-University ball as far as dresses are concerned. Cat!

The next time Riddiman gets lost in the Alley with Skinner's keys in his pocket he should anchor himself to an ash can so that Doris can get home. A mouthful of weeds to the S. A. Es and T. U. Os who couldn't even work up enough steam to hang out a flag for Homecoming decoration. The Sig Alpha Jack Goode chairman of the Homecoming Committee must feel particularly chagrined.

Talking about flags, who stole the Theta Delta Billboard? If the local presses could have realized the unusual character of Sigma Chi winning a cup, they might have published an extra instead of just an article.

The next time the Junior Class wants to annoy a football team with flowers we suggest it wait until after the game is over, after a glance at that third quarter Thursday. Where were Prexy, Dean Doyle, Possum Jim, and Doctor Dan all the time their wives were on the balcony at the ball?

After reading some of this anti-school spirit tripe by the Liberal Club, Rollo wonders if its members were merely shouting a protest when they were stretching their lungs at the game Thursday. Skinner had to spend a lot of attention on Shorty to get a dance with ZuZu—but these Chi-O's are like the Northwest Mounted.

The difference between a one and two dollar dance is that dates are brought to the two dollar one. Prexy closed the Bicentennial by placing a wreath at the Washington Monument. Now, please, may we burn the outfits of the Spirit of 1776 trio?

In order to keep this column in correct proportion, we won't say much about the skirt Mary King wore. This Kappa-K. D. feud at Maryland is an old story down here, only we don't pay any attention to it, just an every-day event.

Then there's the grad who asked a janitor if Lambie House was open, and received a reply "Ah reckon so, 'cause they is meetin' the alumnus theash." Phoebe!

This week's Smooth Nellie goes to the outstanding feminine Trustee who, when greeting Ray Heimburger at the Alumni reception, said, "How are you, Mr. Rhinegold? Now you see, I did remember your name."

Thanks, Betty. Now let's see what these books and profs are all about. Au revoir.

DICK ROLLO.

Bouquets and Brickbats

Congratulations to Coach Pixlee and his Colonial warriors for a superb finale at Griffith stadium Thursday afternoon (Oklahoma received the chrysanthemums, Rollo!) . . . and to the ten seniors who played the last football game of their careers we offer a bouquet of orchids (despite the unorthodox nature of the gift) . . . and to the promoters of Homecoming more posies (they certainly deserve unstinted praise) . . . to Sigma Chi fraternity (for its house decorations) . . . and the sophomore class and interfraternity group (for the skits presented) . . . more blooms . . . to a brilliantly clad and ambitious lot of Sooner musicians brilliant red roses . . . and to the pre-med who fainted at the projection of operations on the movie screen Tuesday night, our sincere sympathy . . . to the political science professor who is writing a book a few prickly bits of vegetation for sending his students to the Library of Congress, where they are compelled to seek foreign constitutions (to be included in the volume) . . . orchids to the person or persons in the Law School responsible for the rumored appearance of a prominent Berlin jurist sometime during the first week of December (here's hoping arrangements go through) . . . and a corsage of choicest orchids to the coed who has actually paid part of her election gambling debts which total more than 25 smackers (Republican committee please copy) . . . she intends to pay every penny . . . and our stamp of absolute approval on the movement to result in an organization of the senior law class for the purpose of hearing prominent legal lecturers . . . orchids to the Law Review staff on its production of an impressive quarterly . . . and its manner of securing subscribers on the merits of the publication alone . . . and distinguished Dr. Harmon and wife share in flowers for the presentation of an excellent group of University singers . . . (we vision the possibilities of an appearance with the University Symphony) . . . and to the members of both clubs nothing but bouquets . . . while we're handing them out here's a posie or two for Dr. Kayser who "took it" with better than average grace Wednesday night when he was subjected to an abnormal amount of banter in the role of a really good master of ceremonies (the job is no snap at any time) . . . and floral recognition to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stuart-McGivern for their lecture appearance before Howard Baker's contemporary drama class (they were here in conjunction with an appearance of the Irish Abbey Players at a downtown legitimate theatre the week of December 6) . . . and orchids to an ambitious program of noted artists who will appear at a meeting of the International Students' Club tonight (too bad it's open to members and invited guests only) . . . a bouquet to the Interfraternity Pledge Council from committee which has taken cognizance of the depression by barring corsages at its annual formal ball . . . and here's hoping the frosh will accept orchids or roses for rousing themselves long enough to win the pushball contest against the sophomore class Wednesday afternoon (keep on going, freshmen!) . . . some well deserved posies to the editor of The Hatchet and an accommodating Food Shop proprietress who collaborated in dispensing a limited amount of "sauerkraut" to friends the other night (it was plenty good) . . . more bouquets to the Athletic Board which succeeded in establishing a new "high" in Griffith stadium football attendance records . . . posies to the Greek organization which braved the jibes of fellow students to wear white carnations in memory of fellow members who had answered the final roll call . . . and brickbats to those individuals who proclaim the necessity of an increased Christmas recess but lack the initiative to write and tell us about it (we need your letters to gauge campus sentiment) . . . bouquets to those who have manifested enough interest to drop us a line . . . and lest we forget . . . a barrage of "postage due" missives to that history professor who requires his students to mail book reports and other matter to him instead of bringing it in (there's a depression very much in evidence, professor) . . . and tons of brickbats to those two fraternal organizations who did no decorating for Homecoming . . . that goes double for the organization which has in its membership the chairman of the Homecoming committee . . . and a final bouquet to Miss Holt for her generosity in serving several members of the Oklahoma tooters with an early morning breakfast and a parting gift of a package of cigarettes (it was all on the house) . . .

LETTERS To The EDITOR

Longer Christmas Vacation Desired

To the Editor:

This is written in support of the suggestion which appeared in last week's Hatchet, which advocated an extension of the Christmas vacation.

Speaking from the standpoint of one of those whose home is not in the immediate vicinity of Washington, I can truthfully say that the addition of the three days would prove an advantage for me over the present schedule. I feel that there are many others at G. W. whose circumstances are the same as mine and that the request is justified.

JACK MORTON.

To the Editor:

Just another "forgotten man" who will be unable to spend the holidays at home unless the University administration sees fit to follow the suggestion of The Hatchet editorial proposing that vacations begin on December 21.

I am heartily in favor of the suggestion, and wish to assure you of my cooperation in circulating a student petition for such a holiday.

It seems inconceivable that the administration would fail to heed this plea upon being assured of the good faith of its promoters and the merit of their contentions.

W. A. SCHMIDT.

To the Editor:

Your editorial in last week's Hatchet concerning a longer Christmas recess is timely. Personally, I favor a longer vacation, as I live out of town and much time is spent in traveling to and from home.

I trust the administration will act favorably upon your editorial suggestion—and soon.

AN OUT-OF-TOWNER.

To the Editor:

Having read your editorial on a longer Xmas recess, I wish to state that I, too, am in favor of a longer vacation. Much time is spent in going back, especially for us students who live a great distance from Washington. Here is for a longer Xmas recess.

HOPEFUL STUDENT.

Praises Reception To Oklahoma Band

To all G. W. Fraternities:

The hospitality shown in connection with the visit of the University of Oklahoma Band to this institution by your various groups was indeed wonderful. Please accept my sincere thanks on behalf of our band for the lodging and meals tendered the visiting band. The cooperation shown could not have been any finer.

LOUIS MALKUS.

Director, G. W. U. Band.

CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 29

There will be a meeting of the student branch of the American Society of Civil Engineers at 8:15 p. m. in K-12.

Orchestra will hold a business meeting at 7:30 p. m. in Building R, second floor. It is important that all members attend.

The night women's swimming club will meet at 9 p. m. in the Y. W. C. A. on K street at the swimming pool.

The International Students' Society will have a musicale at 8:30 p. m. in the Wardman Park Hotel.

Phi Pi Epsilon will meet at 8:30 p. m. in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms.

Wednesday, November 30

The Library Science Club will meet at 8 p. m. in J-21.

The Newman Club will give a card party at 8:30 p. m. at the Meridian Mansions, 2400 Sixteenth street.

The Riding Club will have a pep meeting at 8:30 p. m. in W-16.

The W. A. A. board will meet at 1 p. m. in Building R, second floor.

Meeting of all women interested in debating, room 11, Building Q, 2:10 p. m.

Le Cercle Francais Universitaire will have a French bridge party at 8 p. m. in the Lambie House.

Thursday, December 1

The Christian Science Organization will hold services at 8:10 p. m. in W-17.

The W. A. A. will give its fall banquet at 7:30 p. m. in the Kennedy-Warren Hotel.

The Episcopal Club will meet at 8 p. m. in St. John's Parish Hall, Sixteenth and H streets.

Friday, December 2

The Modern Poetry Club will meet at 12:30 p. m. in W-24. There will be a program by Jean Kirkwood on Gerald Hopkins.

The Women's Swimming Club will meet at 3:30 p. m. at the K street Y. W. C. A. pool.

Monday, December 5

The Women's Intramural Board will meet at 12 noon in Building R, second floor.

Phi Sigma Rho, the philosophical society, will hold an open discussion on the subject, "Is Democracy a Failure?" at 8:15 p. m. in M-10.

LOST—Eight or 10 small, black, Victor records. Probably left in the Library last week. Finder please communicate with Hatchet office.

\$200 ESSAY CONTEST PRIZE ANNOUNCED BY CHARLES E. HILL

(Continued from Page 1.)

tions, Quota Systems and Barter Economy as Phases of Economic Policy.

9. Has Gold Failed as the Basis for International Transactions?

10. Are Permanent International Institutions Essential to the Elimination of War?

11. The International Labor Office and Social Betterment.

12. Should the Nationality Laws of the United States be Codified?

13. The Liability of the State for the Negligence of a Public Servant.

14. The Balkan Union.

15. The Iraq Mandate.

16. South America and Non-Aggression.

17. The Kellogg Pact and Neutral-ity.

18. The Democratic Party as a Vehicle of World Peace.

19. The Christian Churches and World Peace.

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EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO



Colonials, Sooners Match Play for Play, Battling to 7-7 Tie

**Johnny Fenlon Ends Gridiron
Career in Blaze of Glory;
Game Sensational**

By JOHN BUSICK

Undaunted by the previous record and sensational reports that preceded the Sooners from Oklahoma here last week, George Washington pushed the Westerners to the wall, successfully matching their every play as the teams battled to a 7-7 tie in Griffith Stadium on Thanksgiving Day.

As 18,000 fans roared in approval, both teams threw conservatism to the winds and opened up with a daring, grandstand type of attack that fairly rocked Griffith Stadium with its sensationalism. Frequent passes, end runs and long, beautiful punts that spiraled until they nestled into the arms of a waiting ball-carrier, thrilled the fans in a game that Washington will long remember.

Not only did the Colonials equal the score of their surprised opponents, but the dying minutes of the game found G. W. pounding at the Oklahoma goal following a determined drive from its own 32-yard line that was terminated by the game's end.

This last minute attack followed an attempted placement by Johnny Baker that was wide of the goal posts, saw Dunlap kick 54 yards out of danger and George Washington resume its attack immediately. In the final second of play, 18,000 voices set up a howl that turned to a groan as Nig McCarver pulled a pass from Fenlon out of Art Panszo's hands only to be pulled down from behind by the latter with the goal line in front of him.

Fenlon Stars

This same Johnny Fenlon, playing his last game of college football, had fired his final gesture and although it had not put George Washington ahead, that play brought to a close an afternoon's exhibition that equals any ever shown on a local gridiron.

After Pearce had partially blocked Dunlap's kick and Chambers had recovered for George Washington, early in the second quarter, Fenlon and Kriemelmeyer netted a first down on successive plunges, and a Colonial score looked possible. However, the Sooner line held for downs and Dunlap kicked 50 yards to Fenlon. Sidestepping and squirming by tacklers, "Soapy" brought the ball back 21 yards, and George Washington, losing in reality only 30 yards on the kick, was again in a scoring position.

It took exactly fourteen plays to tally the touchdown from the 40-yard line. Of these Fenlon carried the ball nine times for 25 yards' gain, before Kriemelmeyer pounded over for the score from the 1-yard line. Baker's place kick split the uprights.

A few plays later came Johnny's only miscue, which was saved from being converted into a touchdown solely by the heroic line play of his mates. On an exchange of punts Fenlon received a kick that had come from Dunlap 70 yards down the field.

He misjudged the flying oval and it bounded from his hands to be recovered by Curnutt, alert Oklahoma end. A pass from Dunlap to Stacy put the Sooners on the Colonial 3-yard line with first down and a minute to go for the half.

Colonial Defense Holds

At this point the George Washington line rose to its greatest strength and repulsed the Sooners' determined drive a scant yard from the goal. Hardy Pearce rose up out of the mass of piled men to stop Dunlap twice. A fumble by Simms, recovered by Walker, netted the invaders nothing. On the last play, Stewart and Blackstone stopped Dunlap at the line as the gun sounded for the half.

A pass from Dunlap to Ab Walker brought the crowd to its feet as the first Oklahoman raced 57 yards before being downed on the G. W. 8-yard line. Although Galloway intercepted a pass from Dunlap, Kriemelmeyer fumbled on the second play and the ever-present Cherry recovered for the Sooners. Three line plays netted five yards. Then a pass from Dunlap to Cherry resulted in a score as Cherry eluded Baker, the G. W. safety.

Statistics of Game

The statistics chart on Thursday's big intersectional football game at Griffith Stadium show a number of surprises. The Colonials outrushed Oklahoma by a huge margin of 123½ yards, and scored 15 first downs to the Sooners' 9.

The kicking duel between Otis Kriemelmeyer and Bob Dunlap was spectacular. Dunlap booted the ball all told, 1,356 feet in nine attempts, averaging 50 yards a kick. Two of his boots traveled 70 yards.

The sure-handedness of Oklahoma's pass receivers is shown in the data on forward passes.

	G.W.	Okl.
First downs	15	9
Yds. gained from scrimmage	204½	79
Yds. lost from scrimmage	10	20½
Forward passes	13	16
Forwards completed	3	7
Yds. gained by passes	51	123
Passes intercepted by	3	2
Punts	9	9
Distance of punts in yards	397	452
Average distance of punts	44	50
Fumbles	5	3
Fumbles recovered by	4	2
Penalties	4	4
Yards lost by penalties	20	30
Balls lost on downs	0	1

Successful Leader



WAYNE CHAMBERS
Captain and star end on the finest eleven ever to represent George Washington.

SPORT AXE

By JOHN EVERETT

Thursday's Thanksgiving thriller ended the football careers, as far as collegiate competition is concerned, for Fenlon, Kriemelmeyer, Carter, Chambers, Mulvey, Galloway, Slaird, Blackstone, Nielsen and Wilson. They certainly ended things with a bang. More power to them in the future.

We suggest that the so-called football critics come to Washington every once in a while and take a look at our candidates for all-American honors, Johnny Fenlon and Zuzu Stewart. The former is the flashiest bolt of greased lightning seen in any game in the District this season, while the latter has yet to be outplayed in the role of running guard by his much heavier and bulkier opponents.

Dick Harlow, who will coach the Southern team in the annual all-Northern-all-Southern football game at Baltimore, shouldn't overlook these two great players for his team.

We wonder how many people noticed the trick play the Sooners attempted in the closing minutes of the first half on the G. W. three-yard line? They call it the arguing quarterback play. Too bad it didn't work, though, isn't it?

Thursday's game clearly demonstrated how a fast, clever line can outplay and out-manuever a much heavier forward wall. The Oklahoma line averaged 186 pounds, while the Colonials averaged but 176. Time after time Fenlon and Kriemelmeyer went places by slipping through those large holes made by the linemen.

After witnessing some great football games this fall as played by George Washington and its opponents, we have tried to pick 11 men, who, we believe, were the best men in their respective positions. In other words, this is the all-star team of George Washington's opponents:

End—Myers, William and Mary.
Tackle—Schammel, Iowa.
Guard—Bashara, Oklahoma.
Center—Magnussen, Iowa.
Guard—Dolly, Iowa.
Tackle—Godfree, Alabama.
End—Jacobson, North Dakota State.
Quarterback—Dunlap, Oklahoma.
Halfback—Chalko, William and Mary.
Halfback—Hansen, North Dakota State.
Fullback—Cain, Alabama.

Those coming in for honorable mention are: Hupke, Hewes and Chappel (Alabama), Young and Walker (Oklahoma), Henthorne (Washington and Lee), and Cesario (Catawba).

In making these selections, the standard was the degree of excellence or badness demonstrated in games played against George Washington. No matter how their play was in any other games, they were judged solely as seen by the writer.

Again we hear praises of Fenlon and Slaird. This time Coach Jim himself is responsible. That speech at the Homecoming celebration certainly was a wow, and every loyal G. W.-ite should feel mighty proud of both the team and the coaching staff.

About two weeks ago, murmurs were heard from the intramural department that a ping pong tournament was to be held. Well, how about it? Can't Jean find any more ping pong balls?

It won't be long before the athletic department announces the 1933 football schedule. From the many rumors we've been hearing, the Colonials will enter big-time football in full force.

Frosh Pharmacists Beat Upperclassmen

In a close, hard-fought battle, the upper-class basket ballers of the Pharmacy School nosed out the freshmen by the score of 21-20, in a game on Saturday, November 19. The teams were very evenly matched and the lead wavered continually from one side to the other.

The outstanding players were Na thanson, who netted 10 points, and Herbert, who rang up a total of 8.

Sigma Nu Breaks Tie in League A; Tourney Near End

**Hard-fought Contest for
League Lead Features
Evenly Matched Teams**

The existing tie in League A of the interfraternity basketball tournament was broken last Tuesday night, when Sigma Nu won a spectacular victory over the defending champion, Phi Sigma Kappa, to establish itself as undisputed leader.

The game, a fast, hard-fought contest between two evenly-matched teams, was of the type in which a break may prove the deciding margin of victory. At no time of play was either team more than 3 points ahead. A tie at the half, and a one-point margin at the quarters further illustrates the closeness of the game.

The individual scoring honors for both teams were evenly divided, and no one player could hardly be selected as outstanding without slighting another. However, the highlight of each team's play focused on White of Sigma Nu and Burke of Phi Sig. These men should be given credit for the splendid playing of their teams.

The second game was a battle for the cellar championship of League A, with S. A. E. winning the game 21-20, and Sigma Chi, the championship. The S. A. E. quint made a gallant comeback from a 7-15 score, to tie it in the waning minutes of the last quarter, and win by one point on Asher's foul shot. Garber scored 14 of Sigma Chi's points, while the S. A. E. quint was led by Asher and Jamieson.

Acacia won an easy game from Sigma Mu Sigma, 34-18, running up a score of 20-4, and then making substitutions to increase the interest of the game. Sigma Mu Sigma held its own with the subs, both teams scoring 14 points.

GREEK B. B. LEAGUE					
League A			League B		
	W.	L.		W.	L.
Sigma Nu	4	0	S. P. E.	3	0
P. S. K.	3	1	Acacia	3	1
K. S.	2	1	D. T. D.	2	1
T. U. O.	1	2	T. D. X.	1	2
S. A. E.	1	3	K. A.	1	2
S. X.	0	4	S. M. S.	0	4

This Week's Games

Tuesday—8:00, S. P. E. vs. T. D. X.; 9:15, K. S. vs. T. U. O.; 10:30, K. A. vs. D. T. D.

Thursday—8:00, S. A. E. vs. P. S. K.; 9:15, S. N. vs. K. S.; 10:30, D. T. D. vs. Acacia.

Graduation to Reap Harvest of Gridmen

King Football has been buried for another year in a frost-bitten grave, and with the ending of the season several brilliant collegiate football careers have been brought to a close.

Among the ten seniors who have for the last time graced the gridiron for the Buff and Blue, one finds those who have in a large measure been responsible for the rise of G. W. from fourth-rate to first-rate football circles.

Jim Pixlee's 165-pound sack of dynamite, "Soapy" Fenlon, is undoubtedly the foremost among these graduates. In addition to Fenlon, Captain Wayne Chambers; Walter Slaird, iron man of the forward wall; Fred Mulvey, pass-snagging wingman; Bob Galloway, star end; Joe Carter, powerful halfback; Otis Kriemelmeyer, line charger and kicker; Frank Blackstone, hard-driving pivot; and Ras Nielsen and Wally Wilson, linemen, will tuck the grid uniform in the locker and put on the cap and gown this year.

Hatchet Journalism Classes

The class in journalism for Hatchet reporters will meet this week in Corcoran Hall, room 15, at 12:20 Friday.

W. A. A. Fall Banquet Scheduled Thursday

Louise Berryman, 1932 Graduate, Will
Serve as Toastmistress

Louise Berryman, a graduate of last June, will act as toastmistress at the annual fall banquet of the Women's Athletic Association, to be given at the Kennedy-Warren, on Thursday, Dec. 1. The choice of Miss Berryman was made in accordance with the custom of inviting alumnae who were prominent in athletics while undergraduates, to return for the association banquets.

The list of invited guests includes Dr. and Mrs. Lowell T. Ragatz, Dr. and Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin, Dean and Mrs. Henry Grattan Doyle, Mrs. Vinnie Barrows, and Mrs. Joshua Evans, Jr. A program including short speeches by several of the guests and other numbers by students has been arranged by Louise Linkins, chairman of the program committee.

William A. Reed Talks To Economics Fraternity

"Business and Trade Relations with South America" was discussed by Dr. William A. Reed, trade advisor to the Pan American Union and member of the Georgetown University faculty, at the meeting of the Commerce and Economics fraternity, held in Corcoran Hall on Tuesday, November 22.

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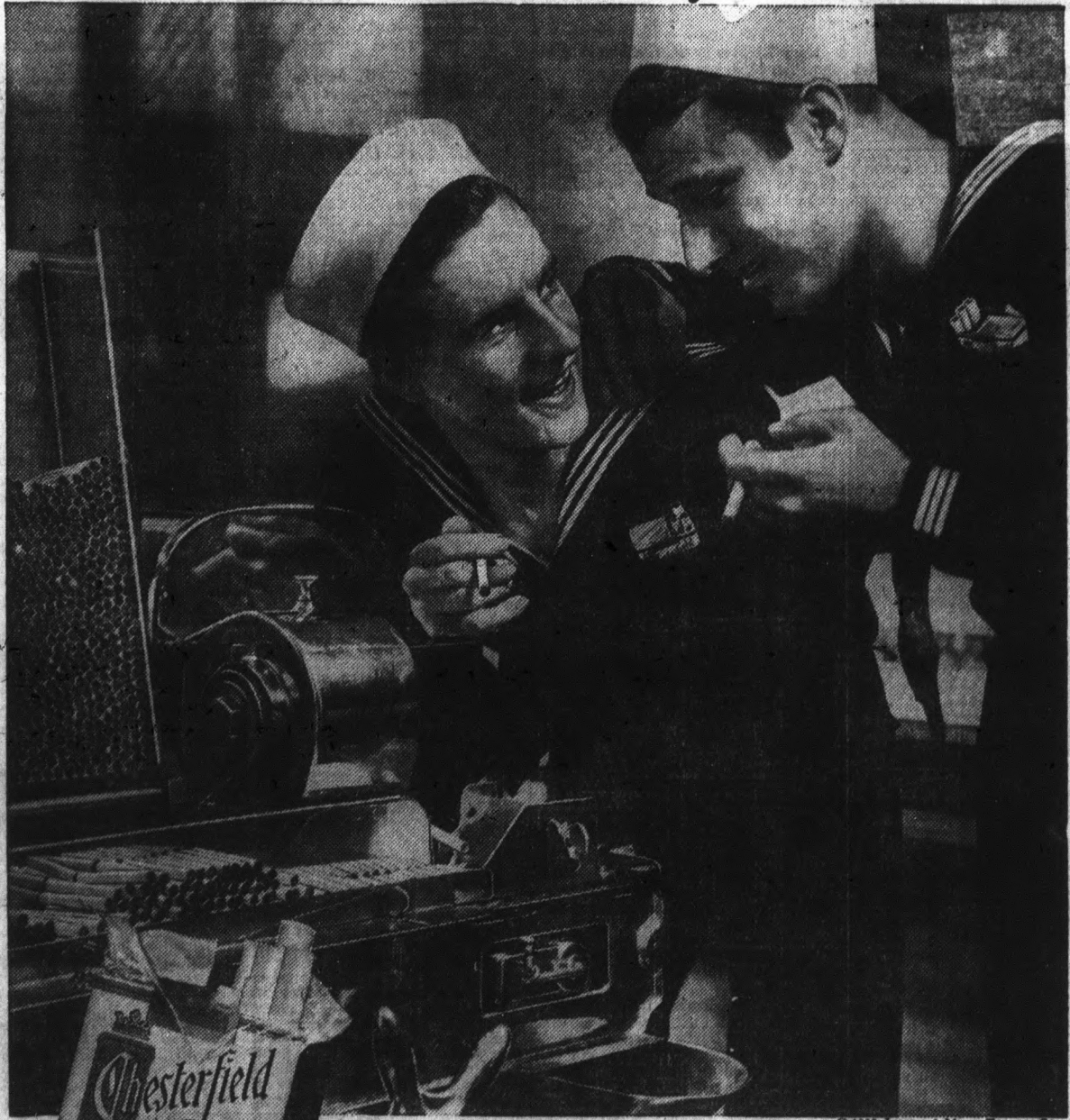
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SOCIETY

**International Students Will Entertain
With Musicales at Wardman Tuesday;
May Spend Week-End Out of Town**

Fraternities Entertain With Formals, Open Houses Dur- ing Gala Thanksgiving Holiday

Homecoming, together with four days' vacation, afforded the most forceful stimulus for social functions that we've had this year. Open houses, held by all the fraternities, were successful and colorful affairs, the note of color being furnished by unique methods of decoration. For honors as the most gala affair of the year, the Homecoming Ball itself has to compete with few, if any, rival functions.

International Students Give Reception

The International Student Society will entertain at a musicale on Tuesday, November 29, at 8:30 o'clock, at the Wardman Park Hotel, for students from abroad who are attending George Washington, Catholic and Georgetown Universities.

Pi Beta Phi announces the pledging of Helen Hodgkins on Wednesday, November 22.

Beryl Dove attended the football dance of Catholic University at the Kennedy-Warren on Monday, November 21.

The pledges of Phi Mu entertained at a tea on Wednesday, November 23.

Jane Caskey was hostess at a small party at her home last Sunday evening.

Barbara Hobson and Dorothy Eck entertained at a Thanksgiving dinner at the Park Central apartments.

Dot Shaffer entertained members of Zeta Tau Alpha at a bridge party on Friday, November 25, in honor of Peggy

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Anderson, who was home from Bucknell for the holidays.

Thanksgiving Holidays Occasion for Many Week-End Trips

Dorothy Douglass, Mrs. W. J. Ellis, and Madeleine Keilty spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Philadelphia, where they attended the Penn-Cornell game.

Lou Monroe attended the games and dances at V. P. I. during the holidays.

Catharine Crane motored to West Point for Thanksgiving vacation.

Grace Haley and Ruth White spent the week-end at Lexington.

Hazel Haynes returned to her home in Raleigh, N. C., for the recent vacation.

Charlie Trammel was at Swarthmore College over the week-end.

Louise Stokes spent Thanksgiving at her home in Front Royal, Va.

Josephine Kehoe and Elsie Spenny were guests of the Phi Epsilon Sigmas at the Richmond Medical College over the past week-end.

Alice Ruth Weatherford attended the William and Mary-Richmond University game, remaining in Richmond for the holidays.

Margaret Thompson visited friends in Philadelphia during Thanksgiving vacation.

Mary Perrin, June Wood and Anne Lou Harrison spent the holidays at the University of Virginia attending the game and dances.

Frances McMillian flew, by way of the Ludington lines, to Charleston, S. C.

Mary Righter spent Thanksgiving in Denville, N. J.

Sarah Catherine Cooke spent the Thanksgiving holidays at her home in Delaware.

Marcie Stauffer and Frances Carden have just returned from a vacation at Duke University.

Fraternities Give Formal Dances Saturday

S. A. E. entertained at a formal dance Saturday, November 26, at the house. Music was furnished by Johnny Slaughter's band.

Phi Sigma Kappa gave a formal Thanksgiving dance on Saturday, November 26, when music was furnished by Jerry Free's orchestra.

George Washington University Alumni Chapter of Delta Zeta gave a benefit bridge party at the sorority apartment on Tuesday evening, November 20.

The two glee clubs of George Washington University presented a program of songs at vesper services at the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon, November 27.

The George Washington University Student Loan Fund, sponsored by the District of Columbia Daughters of the American Revolution, will be the recipient of the proceeds of a bridge breakfast which will be given at 2400 Sixteenth street, at noon, Thursday, December 1.

Delta Zeta Announces Kelly-Neilson Nuptials

Alpha Delta of Delta Zeta announces the marriage of Jean Kelly to Glenn Neilson, Sigma Nu, on Thanksgiving Day. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's family, in Clarendon. Mrs. Byron F. Gardiner was matron of honor.

Members of the Utah Club celebrated Thanksgiving this year at a ball held at the Washington Hotel on Friday, November 25. Emory Daugherty and his band supplied the necessary rhythm while Maxine Doyle, mistress of ceremonies at the Earle Theater, did her bit to brighten up the evening. Evelyn Iverson was in charge of the dance and Stewart Barnes was the chairman of the committee, which included Kermit Castow, Gerald Smith, Ruth MacCarthy, and Donald Candion.

Kathleen Watkins entertained the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at a bridge party given at her home, Saturday afternoon, November 26.

Alpha Delta Theta will entertain the sorority at tea in the rooms on Sunday, November 27.

Phi Sigma Sigma Celebrates Founders' Day

Phi Sigma Sigma celebrated its Founders' Day Saturday with a luncheon and bridge at the Shoreham Hotel. It was the sorority's 19th birthday.

The Sigma Chi Prize House



The Sigma Chi House, at 1812 N. street northwest, which won the Homecoming prize for the best decorated fraternity house.

Honorary Fraternity Gives Two Plaques

**Pierson, Lewis Rewarded for
High Scholarship by Phi
Eta Sigma**

W. Theodore Pierson and James H. Lewis have been announced by the Registrar's office as winners of the 1932 annual awards given by the local chapter of Phi Eta Sigma, national honorary scholarship fraternity for freshmen men, to the two men in the University who are outstanding in scholarship during their freshman year.

Pierson was rated as outstanding part time student and Lewis as outstanding full time student. Both of these men have all A work for their freshman year. Earl Hackworth, the only other man in the University to make all A's last year, relinquished his claim to either of the awards because he was taking only part-time work in the day sessions.

The awards, which are in the form of Phi Eta Sigma plaques, will be presented at the Phi Eta Sigma Alpha Lambda Delta banquet to be held at the Kennedy-Warren tomorrow.

LAW SCHOOL REVIEW RELEASED THIS WEEK

(Continued from Page 1.) book, "Administrative Control of Aliens," William C. Van Vleck evaluates procedure as it affects the interests of citizens and aliens in the accomplishment of its purposes. The writer of "Administrative Justice in the Enforcement of Quasi-Criminal Law" is dean of the University School of Law.

Miller Discusses Trial Clarence A. Miller, member of the District of Columbia bar and lecturer in the University School of Law, discusses the litigant's choice in place of trial in which to begin proceedings seeking redress of wrongs resulting from violations of the Interstate Commerce Act. The article assumes new importance since a recent decision of the Supreme Court applying the same rule involved to cases arising under the Shipping Act.

Banquet Terminates Grid Year Activities

**Attractive Program Arranged,
With Grid Authority as
Speaker**

Football activities for the current year will be terminated with the annual football banquet, which is to be held in the main ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel on Wednesday, December 14.

Special efforts are being put forth by the athletic department to make this year's banquet one of unusual attractiveness. In addition to an inviting epicurean outlay, there will be several speeches by prominent speakers and the presentation of the annual football awards.

A recognized football authority of national prominence will be principal speaker of the occasion. Although the speaker's name has not yet been made known, the athletic department has under consideration several of the country's outstanding football experts. Announcement of the man selected is expected this week.

President Cloyd Heck Marvin and Head Coach James E. Pixlee will be present, and will address the gathering. Dr. Daniel Le Ray Borden will serve as toastmaster.

Reservations for the banquet may be secured from Max Farrington or Jack Espey at the gymnasium. The price is \$2.50.

HOMECOMING ENDS WITH COLORFUL BALL AT MAYFLOWER HOTEL

(Continued from Page 1.) most colorful gridiron contests ever staged in the Griffith Stadium. Approximately 760 alumni viewed the fray from the two special sections reserved for them in the grandstand.

The initial Homecoming celebration concluded in a grandiose fashion that evening with the President's reception at the Mayflower Hotel, and the ball, attended by more than 1,500 friends, students, faculty members, and alumni.

Final Set of Scrambled Photos For Troubadour Cut-Up Contest



In Falls Church this maiden lives, To the play some comedy she gives. This one's pledged Pi Beta Phi; She's light brown hair and same of eye. You should guess this girl quite soon; Her art is whistling any tune.

Would you like to attend "Oh, Say! Can't You See?" free of charge? Winners of the puzzle contest described below will receive gratis six tickets to the Troubadour production, which will be given at McKinley Auditorium on December 14, 15, 16 and 17.

The contest began two weeks ago, but it's not too late to enter. So dig up your copies of The Hatchet for November 15 and 22 and get busy!

Here's what you do! Clip the scrambled photographs appearing above, cut them along the white lines, and reassemble them to form the likenesses of three prominent members of the cast of the Troubadour production. Below each "unscrambled" picture give the name of the player, with the aid of the rhyming couplets and news stories

At Northwestern she made a hit With "bluesy" songs and quite a wit. This girl is new, a freshman sweet; Her act should sweep you off your feet. A member of Pi Beta Phi, With blues songs she most makes you cry.

This graduate of Central High Is dark of hair and blue of eye. Central High, again lays claim To this Junior's rise in fame. She's quite a soccer hound, they say, But that's not why she's in the play.

concerning the show. Repeat the process with the pictures appearing in the two previous issues of The Hatchet.

When all nine pictures have been assembled and identified, write a 100-word letter on "The Widespread Reputation of Troubadours." Submit letter and pictures to The Picture Cut Editor at The Hatchet office, on or before Friday, December 2, on which date the contest closes.

For the best letter and most correctly assembled set of pictures, in the opinion of Coach Denis Connell and the Troubadour directors, there will be awarded two \$1.50 reserved seat tickets to the show. The winners of second and third places each will receive two \$1.00 reserved seat tickets.

Economic Gathering Hears Dr. Buchanan

**Academy of World Economics
Discusses Manchurian
Situation**

Professor Daniel Houston Buchanan addressed a recent meeting of the Academy of World Economics. "Economic Factors in the Manchurian Situation" was the topic of the conference, in which leading Washington educators participated.

Dean William F. Notz, of the school of foreign service of Georgetown University, presided over the session. Participants in the program included Charles K. Moser, Chief of the Far Eastern Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce; Dr. Henry Chalmers, of the Department of Commerce; Professor A. E. Zueker, of the University of Maryland; Professor Wesley M. Gewehr, of American University; and W. M. W. Splawn.

Others representing their organizations were Dr. John Donaldson, of George Washington University; Dean John McDill Fox, of Catholic University, and Dr. Cleona Lewis, of the Brookings Institution.

The Academy of World Economics was established here last April. The local group is composed of well-known scholars, teachers, and students of economics. Regular round-table meetings are held on subjects of current economic importance.

"Present Trends in the International Economic Policy in the United States" will be the subject of a future meeting of the group.

Luther Club Announces Date For Annual Christmas Party

The annual Christmas party given by the George Washington University Luther Club will be held on Tuesday evening, December 13, at 9 o'clock, at the Christ Lutheran Church, Sixteenth and Gallatin streets.

Tickets may be procured from John Albert, Marian Fowler, Margaret Stirewalt, John Hagenbuch, Dorothy Eck, Eleanor Smith, Dexter Fales, Myrtle Mohagen, Anne Bergen, Edward Stevington, Ray Heimberger, and Ralph Keister.

LAW REVIEW

Copies of the initial November issue of the Law Review can still be obtained at the University Publications Office, 2016 H street N. W.

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GRANGER IS AMERICA'S PIPE TOBACCO

The University Hatchet

Monthly Literary Review

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Section 2

Why Education?

By Dudley Wilson Willard, Ph.D.

AS THIS is written a conference is being planned under the auspices of New York University, in New York City, for the purpose of investigating the functions of a modern university in the modern world. On all sides old things are being re-evaluated, and not the least of these is education, high and low. Criticism is levied against university life in America because it is too exclusively "academic," its outlook is sheltered, its purposes too far removed from the affairs of life, or too much out of joint with the times, and for many other reasons. Among criticisms levied against universities today, not the least pointed are those against student bodies. We read that the student bodies are not themselves interested in current social problems in an intelligently critical way; that they, like many of their parents before them, and like the man on the street at all times, wish their education in pre-digested doses; are seeking merely conventional values; that they are after only individual profit, from their effort in schooling; that their consuming ambition is to become "successful," in the accepted sense of the word; and though by no means wedded to the cultural ideals of a classical education, their practical inclinations and interests in higher education run no deeper than the ambition to achieve economic security and social recognition. The absorbing preoccupation of the undergraduate with social and vocational interest of his own, are commonplace observations of the critic.

Although someone might answer the critics on these and other points, it is not my purpose to do that here. An appropriate answer is food for serious thought by those among the students themselves interested in the quality of intellectual life on the campus of any university. I wish merely to suggest that a little challenging realism may be injected into our own campus life by attention to any one of a number of definite and concrete situations facing students today, which challenge the validity of their educational careers, which they cannot avoid facing at some time in any case, and which call for the kind of intelligent handling only intelligent people can devise.

You are nearly all attending the university this year at some sacrifice to yourselves and your parents financially. This sacrifice has forced many of you, during the past year or two, to radically change your plans for the completion of your schooling, all arising from the economic and spiritual depression of the community. Already changes are manifest in the character of our student body. A sharper limitation of those who go on to college may select even more highly the student body of the future in this and other universities. This will become a social and economic sifting process, not one in any important sense determined by academic policies.

Already it is evident that this selective process is not the end of the influence that may affect future campus life. At various levels of public education, pupils who had customarily dropped out to go into some kind of occupation now find themselves adrift, as never before, without a place in the world that wants them—nothing for them to



Illustration by David M. Flax
DUDLEY WILSON WILLARD

fit into. Although the numbers involved are not known, the feeling is strong that there are many hundreds of high school graduates in Washington who have been released six months or even three years from educational routine, who are still facing a blank wall so far as jobs are concerned. The continuance of education for them would solve a problem of uncertain suspense, idleness, and maladjustment only in case going to universities or higher and specialized schools in turn placed them in position to step into useful life in the community. However, it appears that not only elementary and high school graduates, but university graduates by the hundreds and thousands are annually piling up the excess of unneeded persons in the workaday world, and adding to the specially gifted group whose cultural careers end with schooling. They are persons who will never know industry, or regular occupation, some of them; who will know these things only casually and unsuccessfully, others of them; who face crises in their careers unprecedented in recent years, all of them. They will never feel the thrill of the earlier pioneer, carving out of unclaimed resources an American civilization. They may have to pioneer somehow, or face the degradation of want and futility, the lot of those whose high cultural tradition has been as aimless as it was ineffective.

This condition, then, is one which will also affect the future of universities, as surely as the economic stringency selects numbers. It raises questions: Are the older values in education futile? Is the emphasis upon success in vocational or professional life central or peripheral to properly

oriented career of schooling for the student? How is schooling—university along with all other kinds—to be a process of induction into genuine community life and functioning in the Nation, and not merely a pass to a ringside seat for a brief period?

To every student on the campus these questions are pertinent and immediate questions of interest. What can this generation of students do to answer them? One constructive thing a group of you students can do is to define and explain the dilemma a large number of your former school mates are facing, whose educational careers are terminated. What has happened to the graduates of The George Washington University of the past three years, and what contribution has the university made to the result? Fortunately, this particular inquiry has already been initiated by President Marvin. There is another line of inquiry open to you. What has happened to the considerable number of high school graduates from your home communities of the period since 1929—who have not gone to college, who might go to college, who have not found jobs but who under ordinary circumstances would find jobs, etc.? According to the judgment of competent observers, the colleges and high schools of the country are, by virtue of graduation and withdrawals, adding annually thousands to the group of unemployed, a young class, an inexperienced class in the ways of industry, a specially endowed class, yet with no gifts to bear the Nation solely by virtue of the present accidents of industry and commercial affairs.

Casual observation tells us that by tradition these graduates have always been left to shift for themselves. Is it now wise or possible to let them continue to shift? What happens to them when they shift for one year, two years, three years, indefinitely, outside the customary channels of useful social endeavor? What are these young educated people doing now? Can the university or its student body offer any thing to this group? Would further schooling merely be adding to the futility of their careers so far? What does experience of the graduates of the recent past tell us about this? What else can students now on the campus do to extend a socially useful type of cultural relationship and program to those person in Washington, let us say, who cannot now find an outlet for their energies, even though many are as capable as you were when you began your university careers?

Through these questions I am passing on to those students who read this article, the suggestions recently made to me by others interested in our university, that there is an opportunity today for George Washington students to participate first in a study of the larger group of younger people in this city who are hard hit, baffled, depressed, and confused by the sudden crisis faced when their schooling terminated; and secondly, to cooperate in a community program—an experimental program—to set up an educational and recreational enterprise to combine the advantages of continued education with current needs of community life these young people are facing. There are several hundred

(Turn to Page 2.)

Why Education?

(Continued from Page 1.)

ing for jobs, for adventure, for opportunity, for freedom, merely because such questions as these have not been answered for them in their home communities. Their wanderings are as futile as their staying at home seemed to be, yet the experiences accumulated are shaping the careers and characters of these youths as definitely as if they were being trained to steady occupations. They range all the way from illiterates to college graduates in education. A youth movement, emanating from the universities of our country, might very well be the answer to a very grave challenge to our civilization which is one of the products of present accidents of our industrial order.

When asked to write this article for the Monthly Literary Review, it was suggested that I write some phase of the modern population problem. In order not to be entirely out of line with the original suggestions, allow me to say that this problem of youth, which I have sketched, is one illustration of how a surplus population may appear from purely cultural causes. Nowadays we hear much about how a depleted population may occur from cultural causes, such as abstinence from marriage, delayed marriage, birth control, etc. It is not always recognized that overpopulation may also appear from similar causes, and that lowered standards of living which come from utter deprivation of income to large segments of the population are powerful incentives to further depletion of population in turn, to restriction of family life, of marriage, and births.

Statisticians have recently demonstrated that we face a declining population in America, probably within the next generation. Speculation has appeared as to the effect such a decline may have on the prosperity of the country. Most of the "educated" guesses give a dismal picture of the future, when the full impact of present population trends becomes effective. Hence it behooves us to find a cultural remedy for an overpopulation culturally imposed, which in turn accentuates the permanent forces of decline. Social economy, as well as social justice point to the threat against our future prosperity of this floating and unattached population, the subject of this paper. With these few observations by way of conclusion, perhaps I have kept faith with the Editors.

CANDLE - LIGHT

There is a mellowness in candle-light
That takes away the real
And lets my dreams shine out.

There is a calmness, too, in candle-light
That makes my heart serene
And gives my troubled mind a rest.

A subtle, pleasant urge is candle-light
To do the work I love,
—And, doing it, love the work I do.

Fancy, calm and love bring might:
I'll always write
By candle-light.

—Charles A. Bell.



Quatrains

If I believed in heaven at all
Or even in a hell
I'd know that I had found them both
By loving you too well.

If life is futile as it seems,
And nothing is worth while,
Then I will live in empty dreams,
And smile an empty smile.

—Ellen Anderson.

The Rebirth of Terpsichore

If it must be concretely defined (as I suppose it should), the dance, in its purer forms, might aptly be designated as the expression of beauty through the grace of certain bodily movements, just as music is the expression of beauty through the grace of certain sounds. It will be admitted, I suppose, that we have in general wandered far from any such ideal, just how far can only be realized by considerable reflection. Some of us, perhaps, have not wandered quite so far as others. The cheesecloth draped wood-nymphs of Central Park, for example, who indulge in those crepuscular flights from an imaginary Pan are evidently doing their best to follow a necessarily vague ideal. Some of them may only be trying to get into the newreels, but for the most part they are representative of the considerable number of people who are honestly trying and occasionally succeeding in furthering the art of dancing. There are those, also, who more or less sincerely claim to be the heralds of the "modernistic" or "futuristic" dance. These "heralds" indulge chiefly in apparently purposeless thrashings about of limbs in a manner acutely reminiscent of certain other "modernist" and "futurists" who prefer to do their writhing in oils or clay.

We have here in America, besides those types colloquially known as "aesthetic," perhaps the most diverse kinds of dancing known to what we are so humorously pleased to call civilization. We are the only nation that really dances, in Nietzsche's vivid phrase, "with arms and legs." Our stage rejoices in an apparently unlimited number of tap dancers, adagio dancers and similar contortionists, all reasonably popular and equally insipid. Innumerable folk dances: jigs, turkey-trots, square dances, etc., are to be found in the rural districts.

All these merit volumes of discussion in themselves, but it is with what is known as "social dancing" that we are concerned here. Indulged in by so many of us, especially of the younger generations, it may be taken as indicative of our preferences. More than a little ridiculous, and so popular as to mark as social outcasts those bold enough to admit their distaste for it, it is also typical of our stupidity and intolerance in regard to a large number of our customs, social and otherwise.

To define our terms once more, this time at greater length, by "social dancing" is generally implied the following highly peculiar and elaborate ceremonial. A number of people of fairly normal intelligence, to judge by exceedingly untrustworthy physiognomical evidence, stand about a room, engaged in light conversation. All at once, or at least in fairly rapid series, a number of men at one end of the room take up various musical instruments and perform extended and thoroughly realistic imitations of an orchestra professionally occupied. Certain harrowing and seemingly unrelated noises ensue, leading the inexperienced observer to assume that the instruments are merely dummies, concealing rusty cowbells and other favorite Halloween noise-makers. However, the inexperienced observer is, as usual, in error. What seem to him the noises of fire sirens and savage war drums are merely the result of the peculiar technique of the men with the instruments. At any rate, as soon as the pandemonium of sound begins, the people mentioned above pair off according to sex. The members of the resulting couples, standing face to face, throw their arms about their partners' shoulders, grasp each other's free hands, stretching them out more or less horizontally, and begin to stagger about the floor in a most remarkable manner. After about five minutes of floundering around and bumping against each other, the couples, and the noises that seem to inspire them, cease their agitation. The latter drop their hands, applaud with every evidence of deep, sincere appreciation, and await the recommencement of their aural disturbances. When these are again heard, the same procedure is repeated an indefinite number of times and continues, as the phrase goes, "far, far into the night."

This digressive and perhaps slightly exaggerated description is unfortunately the only means of portraying just how inexplicable the whole performance would seem to some barbaric Greek, say, of the fourth century B. C. who would naturally not be familiar with the finer points of our modern occidental civilization.

Why do otherwise comparatively sane appear-

ing people seem to enjoy making such asinine exhibitions of themselves? Two outstanding reasons are advanced. Those whose profession it is to discover more or less vicious tendencies in innocent, if stupid, diversions, are quick to decry a sensual motive for the popularity of any type of dance entailing the prolonged bodily contact of the sexes. More generous critics ascribe such antics as those described above to a mere ramification of the impulse that compels us to tap our feet to the accompaniment of any audible rhythmic phenomenon.

Neither of these hypotheses, however, seem adequately to explain the popularity of modern types of dancing. When the waltz and the hoop-skirt were at the height of their popularity and "nice girls" didn't "pet" the first theory might have been valid. But in these inhibition-free times, when the infinitely more satisfying intimacy of the "petting party" is quite as common as the superficial embrace of the dance, it is hardly conceivable that the thrill-hardened youth obtains any particularly acute sensations from the corporeal proximity of his (or her) dancing partner.

In regard to the other and more plausible suggestion, it is quite possible that our rhythmic instincts are satisfied by grasping a member of the opposite sex about the waist and stamping around a dance floor. But the same satisfaction may be obtained from tapping a pencil on a table top and the unanswerable query of why the former and so very elaborate method should be employed effectively invalidates the second theory. Besides, if dancing is only a sort of necessary evil, useful only for the satisfaction of a dormant sense of rhythm, why in the name of every thing reasonable do we hire orchestras to arouse that sense?

Undoubtedly, both of the above are more or less important, though subordinate, motives. But the basic cause for our excessive indulgence in the fox-trot and allied acrobatics is the omnipresent and thoroughly democratic fear of being thought eccentric. It is the same vicious circle that revolves in so many phases of American life that may be held responsible. None of us are really so enthusiastic about dancing as we like to seem, but because of the lack of a common realization of the fact, we go right on being uncomfortable and afraid of offending a popular enthusiasm that really doesn't exist at all.

—by HOWARD HARTMAN.

NOVEMBER

You asked me what November meant to me;
Both then and now it means the cold, grey sky,
The sullen clouds, the wind's grave autumn-sigh,
And blue-jays screaming from a leafless tree.
It means that all the things that used to be
Flashes of living color to the eye
Have late become but brown, and dead now lie
The greens and blues of past festivity.

But now it means what then it never meant
(For Love glows on like an undying ember).
It means the loss of priceless moments spent
In your embrace, for I can still remember
You signed and scuffed the leaves before you
Went

Out of my life—was it the last November?



Agnostic

(Doubt)

When all is hueless, turning cold,
I shall with unimmortal eyes
See or not see, and shall be wise—
Forever done with growing old.

(Certainty)

I would be put where April rain
Will wind long roots through flesh and bone.
Then, I shall move the guarding stone,
And know the breath of spring again.

—Elliott Jordan.

Chicken Victory

By KATHERINE LUNDBERG



HAD it not been for his son and more especially, perhaps, for his wan widow, these two months would have been enough to blot the memory of Paul Lambert completely from the minds of the men and women of Littleglade.

But they saw him again and again in the son, Paul, who resembled that once sturdy Western farmer, both in habit and appearance. He had his wistful remoteness. Yet he resembled the father in more subtle ways: giving always a quick knowing wink with his greeting; characteristically shrugging his shoulders to emphasize his speech.

The widow, little Paul's mother, on the other hand, reminded the villagers of her dead husband since she kept the name of the good man constantly on her lips. And, of course, her pale eyes blinked and watered for him until her second marriage after he went to lie in his grave.

She was alone and frail and helpless. Knowing that, nearly everyone commended the advent of the new husband to her farm. By name he was Frank Barlow, a widower from a town near by. He and his fifteen-year-old son, Kelly, drove their truck loaded with possessions into the widow's yard an early August morning. Barlow, from his seat in the car, hailed her. Whereupon she came, excited and trembling, upon the porch to watch him unload his goods: three crates crammed with frightened cackling chickens, a huddle of noisy pigs, and two worn trunks. The unloading was accomplished, while Kelly's scrappy dog barked shrilly and ran around and around the group.

When he had done, Frank Barlow came up to the widow and grinned at her. "Well, Florie; let's go."

Together they got into the truck, and waved goodbye to Kelly, who stood watching. The widow crammed her head out of the window and above the thunderous pounding of the engine shouted to the boy, "When Paul comes in from the field, tell him we've gone to be married." With no more ado she drove away.

Kelly, left alone, began to explore his new home. He entered the house through the back way and with delighted eyes gazed about the big kitchen, with its free center space, the furniture pushed against the walls. He advanced next along the hall, opening the doors of two bedrooms on his way to the front room. He scarcely noticed the organ there, but immediately picked several books from an open wicker case. Before thumbing the pages he blew the dust from the top edges. He was engaged in perusing an illustrated volume of "St. Elmo" when footsteps in the corridor interrupted him. A moment later a sturdy, sun-browned boy halted, startled, before the doorway and regarded Kelly dubiously.

Kelly stood up: "Oh, hullo!"

"Lo. What you doing here?"

"If you're Paul Lambert," Kelly replied, "I'm here to tell you yer ma went to town to marry my pa."

The smaller boy came into the room. "Oh, no! She didn't."

"Oh, yes, she did. I saw her!"

Neither boy thought of more to say. Paul Lambert backed to the doorway, about-faced, and retraced his steps to the kitchen. Kelly, who now felt awkward in the room, slipped out the front door to the yard. He began uncrating the chickens, that flew out with many frantic squawks and much flapping of white wings.

Paul watched gloomily from his station behind the kitchen window curtain. This, then, was the dread coming of the intruders about which his mother had told him: "A little boy and his pa are going to live with us. That'll be nice, won't it, Paul?" No answer. "Won't it, dear?" she repeated. And Paul had answered stoutly, "No, it won't."

This threw the woman in such a panic of timidity that she could not bring herself to tell the child of her intended marriage to Frank Barlow. She shrank at the thought of her son's surprise, his searching eyes, his sure resentful question, "But why, Ma? You don't need to."

Her son stood now at the kitchen window and watched the chickens which Kelly released spread over the yard in white contrast to his speckled browns and grays. Then Paul saw something that provoked a look of irrepressible glee on his face and made him quit his place at the window, against all his resolves, and run into the yard shouting, "Fight! Fight! Nigger and a white! Which is nigger and which is white? Fight! Fight..."

Two cocks were jumping and dodging and beaking. One was a newly imported Leghorn of

Barlow's and the other, the nigger, a Bantam fighting cock Paul's father had once brought him. Resenting the Leghorn's intrusion into his henyard, he began combat without delay.

They had gone on jumping and pecking but a few moments, with Paul shouting in delight all the while, when Kelly fetched a bucket of water and drenched both the birds. The Bantam scuttled in the direction of his coop.

"Gee, but my dad would be sore at the Banty. That white is his old prize rooster. I didn't mean to soak him, too."

Kelly reflected. Then he grinned and shrugged. "Oh, boy, didn't they start in a hurry, though?"

"Yeah, but you ought to let them go on. It would have been swell," Paul replied in an aggrieved tone. Then, "And don't you go soaking my Banty either." He turned and strode importantly back to the house. He aloofly refrained from patting Kelly's dog, which ran up to him friendly-wise.

Kelly's father became "Mr. Barlow" to Paul, and no importuning on the part of his mother could induce him to call the man "Pa," just this once.

Barlow himself cajoled, but without avail.

Awake by the Window

The rattle of the elevated train that runs all night with a corrugated clatter winds caterpillar pathways through my brain

and curves with invariable jar and shatter at the same corner every time and passes to the faint rumble of distance whence it returns

out of the vaulted subterranean spaces riding a rail of memory that burns

out of the vaulted subterranean spaces it grows upon me with a rush and a hoot till I myself am tunnel and track and train

riding the one invariable route and the lights and the throng oppress me yet again and again as I brace myself to sway with the jolt like a dancer

I hear shouted against the rattle and roar of the train the name I knew the story I could not answer.

—Merle M. Elsworth.

"You know yer my new son, now don'tcha, Paul? You might just as well call me Pa—come on, try it!" The more friendly Barlow became in his broad, garrulous way, the more the child drew within himself. At the wedding supper that night he kept his head bent and his round blue eyes fixed on his plate; so Barlow addressed himself to the top of Paul's close-cropped brown head.

Well! . . . His mother had no need to marry this man, with his pesky chickens. They weren't needed. He, Paul, looked after the place and his mother all right, and they had enough.

Then, too, there was what his father had said once after she, whose blue eyes wept so easily, had left her former husband's bedside. He put an arm about Paul's shoulders and said almost whispering, "You'll be master here soon, Paul. So mind you take good care of your ma." The hot breath from the father's lips tickled Paul's ear. He went on, "You will have it all to look after, soon, very soon. Do it faithfully and well, the way I showed you."

Frightened, ready to weep, the boy could only breathe; "Oh, Pa!" and then slowly squirm from the clasp about his shoulders, and move out of the room.

All too soon the time did come when Paul had to set about managing—in a serious, old-mannish boy fashion. He tried to simulate the father whom he loved as he gave counsel to his mother, or comforted her timidly; as he attended the farm, keeping the vegetable garden, looking after

the cow, and the few chickens. He exulted in being the "little father."

Every week he drove into town with Silverman to buy things his mother needed for the household. On these occasions he wore one of his father's ties and carried his thick silver watch. He lingered near the knot of men that always gathered, and eagerly drank in their talk about prices and markets and weather conditions and family affairs. The boy watched and listened. Occasionally he chipped in with a sentence or a word.

Once while Paul stood by to watch his mother unwrap the packages he had bought in town, he asked, "Do you think Pa ever sees you and me?" "Yes." The butcher paper about the meat crackled as it was unfolded. "I guess he does sometimes, son."

Paul studied his mother quizzically. "You do think so, ma . . . ?" A finger of Paul's hand slowly traced the circumference of the silver watch ticking in his pocket.

That was months ago. Now Barlow's arms carried the packages to the kitchen table. It was Barlow who, with a comfortable air of possession, settled into the brown arm chair that had once seated Paul's father. And the child's eyes avoided Frank Barlow as he sat there; though they marked Barlow's almost greedy scrutiny as he went through the rooms of his new wife's house. His eyes seemed to peer into every crevice and search out all the wonderful past, and turn it from the house. Even the red stone house itself appeared no longer that which belonged to Paul and his mother. It became, under that searching glance, Barlow's property.

Withal, he was a good man, this Barlow. The first few weeks after his marriage were full of industry. All day he, Kelly, and Paul hammered and sawed and sweated to build four new hen houses, two of which must encroach on the vegetable garden and the berry patch. Now and again one of the few chickens Barlow had brought on his arrival stopped in its roaming about the yard to observe the work. It cocked its head to one side and appraised, one-eyed, the new home.

Paul and Barlow were working on a roof. The man stopped to rest. "Paul, I've been thinking. Tell you what I'll do. Between you and Kelly you can have half the egg money from the chickens I'm going to put in your old coop over there. We'll get rid of your old brown hens and the ten or twelve Bantams and start out fresh. Do you like that, eh, boy?"

"You can get rid of the old hens, but I want to keep the Bantams."

"But, Paul, they're not a bit of good, those little fellas."

The boy proffered a wry smile with his answer. "But they're sorta' friends of mine, Mr. Barlow."

"Friends? Oh, I see," Barlow laughed. "Well, then, you'll have to let them run in the yard and roost in the barn. I've got to have that coop today, because we're going after the rest of the chickens. Fact is, we'll need all the coops. The hens are crated and waiting for us down at my old place."

So the Bantams and Paul's old hens were turned out of their coop. It was hurriedly cleaned to receive new, white-faced occupants.

Barlow took both boys with him in the truck to help him transport the bulk of his two thousand chickens from his old farm in the next village. A youth there had been hired to feed and care for them until Barlow could build the new houses.

On the way, above the rumble of the truck, Frank Barlow listened amused to the boys' discussion of the respective length of nails and their various uses.

Kelly said, "I don't think it is! It's too long!" "But we used them all the time, and it said so on the box: 'Six Penny'."

"I don't remember, but I can tell just by looking at it," Kelly reaffirmed.

"You can't!" Turning to the driver, Paul held a nail before his face and asked, "Mr. Barlow, is this a six or a eight-penny finishing nail?"

"Well . . . looks like a six."

"See, what did I tell you!" Paul chirped to the other boy.

After some time Frank Barlow meekly said to Paul, "You ought to call me Pa, or Dad, or somethin'. You and Kelly are brothers now . . . we're all going to be together a long time. So do that."

Instead of answering, Paul asked Kelly something more about flooring nails, as if he had not heard Barlow's plea.

Late afternoon the three returned from the

trip, and began unloading the crates of hens. They had lifted down the third one when Barlow stopped to listen. He ran suddenly in the direction of the back of the house, where he began waving his arms and shouting, "Hey! Hey!" The two boys followed and came upon him holding a blood-spattered Leghorn. He said, "Confound that damn Bantam." Then, sharply to Paul, "Get that little devil out of the way. If he makes a rumpus about nothing like this, he'll have to go, 'sorta friend' or not. Hear me?"

Paul bit the corner of his lip, and obeyed reluctantly by shooting the offending little chicken into the barn and running in after it. He stood inside the great gray building and said hotly to himself, "I'll keep it, I will! I sure will!"

When Barlow saw Paul's scowl, he was kinder. "That's all right. I got riled 'cause this fellow," indicating the white rooster, "is a special friend of mine, like yours is to you. We don't want neither one to get hurt. But we'll get along . . ."

Paul said to himself that he didn't know about that. Mr. Barlow was always bossing the place, and his coops and hundreds of chickens would be running all over. Pretty soon there wouldn't be room for Paul and his Banty!

Paul sat down on the edge of a feed bin and contrasted this with the day when he used to go importantly to town with Silverman; when his mother needed him—she couldn't reach the fruit bottles on the shelf. Paul climbed up for them. The leg of her ironing board grew rickety; Paul fixed it for her. Now Barlow did those things. He even wore some of the clothes Paul's own father had worn; some that Paul had folded carefully away to be worn when he grew up, as he put it. He had, for that reason, not allowed his mother to cut down to fit him the blue suit with the white stripe in it.

The morning after Barlow's chickens had been transported, Paul's mother, when she was alone with the boy, led him into the front room. There they sat stiffly beside each other on one end of the sagging and cracked leather couch, stacked with four fringed cushions encrusted with embroidered mottoes. Paul was tight-lipped, saying nothing.

"You know," his mother looked earnestly at him, "you know, I have somethin' to say to you. I don't like to, but . . . Well . . . it's this. Dear Pa, your own dear father, I mean, wouldn't want you to act this way . . . always going on and saying nothing to Pa . . . I mean Kelly's. He'd want you to act nice to Kelly's father and mind him . . . Now, wouldn't he?" Paul's mouth tightened. More insistently, "Paul, wouldn't he?"

Paul looked obliquely down at his finger as it flipped the fringe on a cushion. "Maybe . . . I don't know." A familiar shrug. Then quite abruptly, "No, he would not."

His mother sighed, "But look how good he is to you. And you keep calling him 'Mr. Barlow'."

There was an extra flip at the fringe. "Oh! He had to tell you, didn't he?" As he spoke the boy looked sullenly out the window where his eye caught sight of Barlow's newly erected white hen houses, and the end of the garden that had been dug up for them.

He scarcely listened while his mother said, "Kelly's a good boy and calls me 'Ma'."

"Oh, Kelly's all right, I guess. But him, he didn't have to come here, and butt in and . . . and . . . well," defiantly, "he didn't anyhow!"

Paul squinted curiously up at his mother. "Gee whiz, Ma, we had a swell time. I don't see why he had to come and marry you. He's all over the place. I guess Pa told me what to do," he concluded bitterly.

Paul's mother, too, contemplated the hen houses bleakly before she spoke. She could find but one statement behind which to seek refuge: "You make it hard for me . . . acting like this. You do so, Paul."

"Aw, Ma! Let me go, will ya?" The boy slipped away from her, off the black couch, and ran out. His mother remained to lean against the pillows and whimper softly. It became a frequent gesture, this, as Paul's stubborn hostility toward Barlow continued.

One evening in early October all four of the family were sitting on the porch. The boys snuggled against the dog sitting between them. Barlow sat meditative, only occasionally giving a monosyllabic word in answer to his wife. A faint breeze that blew from the mountain savored strongly of misty lakes, of ancient pines, of distant sagebrush plains. The strange tang it carried assailed the nostrils and piqued them with its provocative spice. Barlow sucked it in deeply.

"I been thinking," he said at length, "it's duck time. Next week the gang from Snyderville is going hunting, and I believe I'll take the boys and go, too. You could manage for a couple of days, couldn't you, Florie?"

Kelly shouted before anyone else could speak,

"Pa! Pa! Really will you? Gee . . . That's swell."

In time this enthusiasm infected Paul, for Kelly talked of nothing, thought of nothing but the hunt. "We're going hunting. We're going hunting," he said. It became the event of his life.

Barlow, thinking to please Paul, bought him a cap with ear tabs. The boy's comic grin and his questions belied the unconcern with which he took the gift. "I wonder what else to wear? We ought to shoot a lot, shouldn't we? And maybe Kelly and I can row over the lake for you."

He wore the cap around the farm. He wore it to show his friends. "I'm going to really shoot ducks," he boasted.

During the four days before the hunt, Frank Barlow often chuckled to himself, because, as he naively told his wife, Paul was "sure comin' round." "I ain't seed anybody yet who don't like me after a little spell," he bragged in his good-humored simplicity.

Paul might have come round. The hunt might have spelled Barlow's success. But Paul returned early the afternoon of the hunt from delivering eggs to the old couple down the road. He came, padding down the shadow-flecked pathway, absently, twirling his new cap on the end of an up-lifted finger. Twice a wide yawn escaped him.

The veranda with its curtain of vine joined the house at one side; so that it was not visible from the path. Paul therefore, came upon them quite suddenly as he rounded the corner of the farmhouse.

Barlow, his straw hat pushed to the back of his head, had just come up the steps where Paul's mother stood. With "Evenin', my Florie," he kissed her mouth, and swung her slim body up in his arms and carried her, laughing and struggling, into the house.

"Oh, Frank, don't!" her voice trailed back. "You musn't; why we're too big for this!"

Paul stood at the corner of the house amazed. He sucked in a great gasp of breath. He was angry, so very angry he wanted to cry. His nose tingled inside. And he felt alone. It was as if someone had taken his mother and whisked her brusquely away from him forever.

Paul sat down on the steps. He bent his head and pressed a finger hard over each eye for a moment. He wouldn't cry!

While he sat thus, he fancied his own father's hand on his head; caressing him. His father had done that often. And he had made such a joke the time he discovered Paul standing before the mirror, gazing at himself with his father's cap on his head and brown tie hanging long on the front of his blue shirt. "You're a great boy, aren't you, son?" Pa had said. A flicker of a smile lifted the boy's mouth as he thought of that. Then, too, there was the day at school recess when his father had chanced to drive past the playground. From atop his load of hay he had hailed Paul, and all the boys there saw and heard.

Paul had to leave off his dreaming when his mother came out on the porch and summoned him to dinner. He surveyed the group at the table as if he had not seen them before. There sat Kelly with whom he must share everything; his mother, whom Kelly ran about calling "Ma," his clothes, his bed, his room. Kelly's shoes were always pitched in the closet over his own.

Paul watched Barlow and measured him. How he sat comfortably in his father's seat, how he drank from his cup, how he wore his father's brown jacket that was too small and short in the sleeves, causing the seams to burst at intervals. How ugly Mr. Barlow's red and angry face had been the time he stood holding his trembling, bleeding Leghorn rooster in his hands. How the man talked and talked and seemed to steal everything away!

Lastly Paul watched his mother as she bent over each one of them serving the food. Her eyes and her lips smiled as Barlow laid his hand on her arm. He watched—and he wondered at her.

All the pleasure of going on the hunt with Kelly and Barlow vanished. He said nothing, only observed dully that Barlow winked slyly at his mother when he said, "Well, Paul, tonight we start and we're really going to have a good time together, Kelly and you and me."

"We're going to meet the men from Snyderville at seven, and go as far as Carmel Lake Lodge. We can sleep there till daylight and then row half a mile or so up the lake to good shooting."

"As soon as dinner is over I'll get the guns in final shape. You two can help me."

As Paul left the table he mumbled something that sounded like, "Don't wanta go."

His mother, standing near, caught him. "What did you say, Paul?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess . . ."

"Well, I should think so! You ought to . . ."

But Barlow, at the other end of the room, cut her reproof. "Say, Paul, I'm gonna get you to run down to Jo Edwards for me. Doggone it." He was rummaging about the many objects strewn over the cupboard shelf. "I forgot that gun oil at noon today, after all."

"Right now, shall I go?"

"Yes."

Paul stalked silently out of the house and walked with slow and lagging steps across the pasture toward Jo Edwards' farm. He reached it, and found Edwards busy mending a broken hinge on the front gate. "Oh, hello, Paul. H're ya?"

"Awright." Paul leaned himself against the fence to watch the worker.

"Coming in?" Edwards asked.

"No . . . I jus' came to . . ." Then Paul hesitated, and his eyes grew big and began to shine strangely. A whimsical smile turned a corner of his mouth. "Oh," he said, "I just was goin' by and I saw you workin' on the gate. Thought I'd say hello. Say, you going on the duck hunt?"

"Sure." The man was now swinging the gate back and forth to try the repaired hinge. "So are you, ain't you?"

"Nope, I can't." Paul pushed away from the fence, took a step in the direction of the road, "Guess I better be on my way. G'bye, Jo."

He began walking leisurely down the road, across the railroad track, where he turned right in the direction of the mill. When he reached it, however, he was running and panting. His heart thumped so violently he felt its throb in the top of his head and in his ears.

Some small boys of his acquaintance were at this favorite haunt playing "Duck on a Rock."

"Come on," they yelled to Paul.

As darkness settled the boys stopped their play to forage about for wood. They built a tiny fire on the earthen floor inside the walls of the roofless and ruined millhouse. Then they sat huddled about their small flame, recounting in subdued voices tales of robbers, of many fantastic, dread adventures. It grew late; the stars and the moon came out and shone in upon the wide-eyed, tense group. Intermittently, the clear night air bore to them calls, thin and attenuate, like ribbons of sound, "Al . . . il . . . fred," or a wailing "Ed-d-d-y-y." One by one the boys left.

Paul, who lived too far distant to be called, told the last two boys that he would guard the fire all night. He whispered; perhaps that Mexicali bandit was lurking near and would return. Gee, he'd hate to miss him. The other boys nodded an awed assent and on tiptoe stole out of the place.

Paul lay supine beside the coals of the fire and contemplated bits of cloud that slid across the moon's face. Gradually the artless scene on the veranda loomed before Paul grotesque and ugly. It linked with all the unholy stillness of the night. There was Barlow fairly shouting "Florie" (her name was Florence!) and stalking into the house with Paul's mother in his arms. It frightened Paul and he wished to be at home—really home—beside his Pa, pouring into his ear all this woe. It was while Paul lay wishing thus for his father, and formulating a childlike-chivalrous oath of loyalty to him, that a wholly amazing idea popped into his mind. It made Paul quiver with excitement. He jumped up, briskly stamped out the last embers of the fire, and ran home.

His mother was waiting. She stood in the doorway and the light from the room behind fell about her and framed her. Her face was hidden in shadow. Paul wished he could see it, because she did not speak for a long time. He stood outside the door waiting.

At length a torrent of broken, angry tearful phrases came to her lips, "Oh, Paul, where did you go? Paul! Kelly went after you, and Edwards told him what you said. Pa was so mad. Oh, and you're such a bad boy . . . Now they've gone! Pa'll probably whip you when he does come back. Paul, why are you so bad . . . you . . . you've been a bad, mean boy." She sank helplessly to the doorstep and covered her face with her hands.

Paul winced a little. Yet he told his mother quite defiantly that Mr. Barlow could go ahead and whip him. He didn't care at all. "But I hope he forgets to come back!"

With those words, that burst like small bombs against his mother's ears, he turned and walked away from her in the direction of the chicken yard to execute some mysterious mission. Twice a commotion and startled cackling disturbed the peace of the hen house.

Paul came back and found his mother had retired to her room. He could hear her moving about as he glided past her door to his own room. Tonight, he reflected, once again it really was his own—all his own! And tomorrow! Oh, tomorrow!

Paul woke with the sun shining full on his face. He blinked, yawned and stretched luxur-

(Turn to Page 8.)

Possessions

By FRANCES E. BENHAM

EVERYONE called him Uncle Poley. His real name was Napoleon Cartier, but people had long ago forgotten that the old man had any other name. There was some vague and distant relationship between the Rivet boys and Uncle Poley and he stayed with one and then the other of them, doing what little he could about the farm in return for his board.

Room was scarce in the low-raftered log cabins and so Uncle Poley had to be tucked into whatever space was available. At Lew's he had a cot in one corner of the main room; over which, Lew's wife Sarah would throw an old red and green robe during the daytime, grumbling good-naturedly when she had to make the bed up again at night. Sometimes, when there were visitors, Uncle Poley had to wait until they left before he could go to bed, and he would doze off on a bench behind the heater, so that Sarah had to wake him before she went to bed herself. He would look up at her apologetically, then, sleep dimming his faded old eyes, and shuffle over to his cot to start taking off his heavy shoes.

At Ed's there were the three children. Uncle Poley liked the children, especially Enda-Marie, the youngest, and he told them stories, and made brooms for them from slender birch trees, painstakingly peeling the wood back in thin white shavings until they formed, at one end, a round brush just like the little broom Gretel used in Katie's book of fairy tales.

Ed meant to build a larger house some day, when he had time and money enough to cut the spruce logs and have them sawed into lumber. Then "old Uncle" would have a better place to sleep. But now, things were so crowded with the three children and all, there didn't seem to be any place to put Uncle Poley, but in the built-on shed at one end of the kitchen. Spare pieces of harness hung from pegs on the dusty round-log walls. The cream separator stood in one corner, and there were gunny sacks filled with seed grain in all the corners and under the bunk where Uncle Poley slept. But he didn't mind. The fresh smell of the grain was pleasant and familiar to him, and he liked to scoop up a handful of the amber kernels to chew while he oiled the harness and mended broken hame-straps. The cracks between the logs were tightly chinked with muskeg moss to keep out the wind, and when it grew colder, in mid winter, Ed always gave him an extra horse blanket for his bed. So he managed to keep quite comfortable even in the coldest weather.

Uncle Poley always had a queer sense of loyalty to the people he lived with, which he expressed in his own way by praising everything connected with his "folks." When he was at Ed's he would tell the neighbors about Ed's wonderful wheat crop, and the potatoes that grew twenty to the hill and were as big as tomato cans. And at Lew's the calves were always just a little bigger and huskier than those of the other farmers, while the barley heads, were so heavy that, to use Uncle Poley's words, "They almost bruk off of their own weight." The neighbors, idly gossiping around the Post Office window, waiting for the mail to be sorted, would wink at each other behind the old man's back, and murmur, "Darned old liar." The woman-folks, more charitable than the men, only shook their heads pityingly, and said, "Poor old Uncle. He has nothing of his own to brag about, so he has to talk about the things Lew and Ed have."

Uncle Poley could no longer do really hard work, but he always managed to keep busy at something. Since his hands had grown too stiff to do the milking, he chopped the wood and carried water from the creek, and did odd jobs about the house for the women. He liked to rogue the wheat, carefully bending back the stalks as he made his way across the field, so that he would not trample the slender stems, and picking the ochre-colored mustard blossoms, and the twining vines of the buckwheat, stuffing them into the grain sack he carried across his shoulder. In the middle of a wheat field with the waving grain all about him, and the sun-shadows chasing each other across the rippling greenness of it, the world was a place of peace, and he felt vaguely a sense of the content and friendliness of growing things.

Each evening, with the first hint of dusk, Uncle Poley would go out to the pasture to let down the bars for the cows. And he would come down the lane, pacing slowly along after the animals, as they moved forward, rhythmically swaying from side to side, with Edna-Marie's yellow head bobbing along beside him like a chrysanthemum come suddenly to life. There was serenity in these evenings. And to Uncle Poley, the clanking of the cow-bells, the whirring wings of the brown little night-hawks as they swooped suddenly downward, and the minty smell of the hay that Ed threw down from the loft, were all a part of it.

Uncle Poley's life held little variety. But the very monotony—the slowly moving hours with their comforting sense of sameness, of nothing



Illustration by Betsy Garrett

abrupt and startling to break the content with which he surrounded himself, gave him a feeling of security.

Sometimes he would borrow Ed's .22 rifle, to hunt prairie chicken, he said. Emmy, Ed's wife, invariably cautioned him about the gun.

"You be careful, now, Uncle. We don't want you shooting yourself or anybody else."

And Uncle Poley would answer mildly, "Sure, I'll be careful, Emmy."

He always came back without any game, looking a little sheepish, but ready to defend himself. "Well, of course I ain't as good a shot as I used t' be," he would explain apologetically. As though that might also account for the fact that none of the shells were ever-used.

When the first light frosts came to paint the trees, and the cranes flew in black triangular lines overhead, Uncle Poley spent much of his time out in the woods. He liked the birch trees when the leaves turned to clear yellow. Coming across one in the dark wood, it was as though a light had been put there to illumine the place. They made him think of the votive candles in a church at dusk. He never told anyone this, but once he showed Edna-Marie how the little bright-leaved birch beside the path that led to the pasture was like a lamp to light the feet of the poor dark little spruce trees. And Edna-Marie nodded her yellow head delightedly.

The grain, too, was beautiful when it turned to amber under the warmth of the sun. Ed and

Lew, out looking over the crop and estimating the number of bushels it would yield, laughed good-naturedly at Uncle Poley when he exclaimed proudly, "Yes, sir, that's a mighty fine crop. Ought to grade number two at least, and maybe number one."

"Anyone would think," Lew remarked to Ed, "that Uncle Poley was expected to get the forty cents per, that crop will bring, from the way he watches over it."

The fall that Uncle Poley was sixty-eight, he contracted a sudden illness and, usually so spry and active, he was confined to his bed. The Doctor murmured something about the old man's heart, but was rather vague in his statements to the family. Emmy, who was quite fond of Uncle Poley, did all she could for him. She grew suddenly conscience-stricken over his sleeping quarters when the neighbors started coming in to see him, and she had Ed move the grain sacks out to the granary, and cleared out the pieces of harness and the garden tools that had so long been accumulating there unnoticed. She even made curtains for the window, from flour sacks dyed green. Uncle Poley was pleased, but insisted she "oughtn't to a done it." The Doctor came out to see him every four or five days, and then more frequently, as Uncle Poley's condition showed little improvement.

The neighbors were sympathetic, for they all liked Uncle Poley, and Sarah and Lew offered to have him with them, since Emmy said she didn't mind, and the Doctor thought it would be better if the old man were not moved.

At the end of September Uncle Poley was still in bed. The Doctor hadn't said anything definite, but the family felt there was little hope of his recovery. Emmy went around wiping her eyes surreptitiously, and reproaching herself for the things she might have done for him and didn't. The neighbors said it was a shame that the old man had had so little in his life—that he probably felt he had nothing to live for, and so wasn't making any effort to get well.

Then, quite unexpectedly, Uncle Poley started to get better, and within a few days was able to sit up. Emmy decided she was being given another chance, and immediately bought some thick gray wool to knit into winter socks for the old man. Sarah brought over two jars of her special high bush cranberry jelly, and Ed and Lew together, bought a warm sheep-lined coat for Uncle Poley to wear when he was able to be out again.

Uncle Poley was grateful for all their attention, but uncomprehending. It was nice to have the neighbors take so much interest in him, but after awhile he began to find their conversation a bit wearisome and puzzling, though he was unfailingly polite to his visitors. He couldn't understand why Emmy's friend, Mrs. Walton, should flutter about his bed and assure him that "everything was going to be so nice for him from now on." Ed was going ahead with his plans for the new house, in which Uncle Poley was to have a room all of his own, and, everyone told him, life to going to be different for him after this.

Uncle Poley felt vaguely uneasy over it all. He didn't want anything different. He wanted nothing but the accustomed quiet, uneventful days that he had always had—just to be left alone to enjoy life in his own way.

The room looked strangely empty without the grain sacks. It almost seemed as though he no longer belonged there. By sitting up in bed, he could see the path leading to the pasture. Katie had been bringing the cows home while he was sick—very faintly he could hear the musical clink-clink of their bells as they came down the lane. He was feeling stronger now, and soon he would be able to get out again. Old Bessie was about due to drop her calf and they would have to watch her carefully to see that she didn't hide out. She was a foxy one, but she couldn't outwit Uncle Poley. Last year he had found her calf carefully hidden in a clump of willows down by the creek. Uncle Poley smiled, forgetting his puzzlement. By leaning sideways he could just see the familiar yellow birch by the cow path. A slow content filled him. The birch was still there, lighting the feet of the dark little spruce trees. Nothing was changed. Life, after all, was not going to be strange and different.

Autobiography

By DEWITT BENNETT

WE lived next door to a big, white church. The church always filled me with awe. It was a church of Holy-Rollers. On Sundays I used to crawl into the dog house with Gyp, and we would look out at the church, and I would wonder how they went about rolling. I wondered if the minister rolled with the rest of them, and it puzzled me why they rolled at all. I asked mother why they rolled, and she said it was because they were religious, but I knew that couldn't be right because Bummer's father and mother were religious and they didn't roll. I didn't tell mother she was wrong because she didn't like to be told that she was wrong. My mother was awfully nice, but she was queer. It always angered her to find me in the dog-house. It was a good dog house. I had painted it myself. And the dog and I would lie there real quietly, but every now and then the dog would jump, and I would know that a flea had bitten him. Gyp would try to bite the flea, but she wasn't very good at it, and I would move her fur around and try to find the flea. It was hard because they move so fast, but I would get about half of them. Some days the fleas wouldn't bite much, and we would just lie there real quiet. Sometimes mother would call me, but Gyp and I would lie real still if her voice sounded angry. Then after she had gone I'd crawl out of the dog-house and run around to the front and come in the front door. I'd say real quick that I'd been playing before she'd ask me if I'd been in the dog-house. Mother was awfully queer about the dog-house, but Dad, he was regular. Whenever he found me in the dog-house, he'd never say anything, and he wouldn't tell mother either. Dad and I used to get along great. We two men would stick together. Sometimes, he would go fishing when he was supposed to be working. I'd see him coming home, but I wouldn't tell mother because that was another thing she was queer about. She didn't like fishy business. Sometimes we would go swimming in the afternoon. Dad would put me on his back, and we would swim across the river, but we would never tell mother that we swam the river. She was queer about that, too. Dad and I always got along great except once when he paddled me when I got sick smoking. Bummer, he was my buddy. Bummer and I got ahold of a package of cigarettes one day, and we crawled under his house where we could smoke them without getting caught. We split up the package, and it was fun lying on our backs blowing out smoke through our noses, only I couldn't blow smoke through my nose, it made me cough. I smoked about three cigarettes and could blow smoke through my mouth just like a dragon. I felt funny though, like when I ate the green apples. I didn't want Bummer to know how I felt so I told him I had to go home now. We crawled out from under the house, and I started home. I felt all mixed up inside. I was afraid to go in the house, and I went into the woodshed instead, but I only felt more mixed in there. Soon Dad came out into the woodshed, and he saw me all sort of twisted up. He wanted to know what was the matter, and I told him we had been smoking. He didn't say anything, just picked up a shingle, and after he got through my sitter was all mixed up too. I guess I don't like smoking anyway.

A couple of weeks later we all took sick and I had to stay in bed.

The sun shone on the brass ball at the foot of the bed, but the rest of the room was so dark and still except when Dad breathed in the next room. My fuzzy teddy bear dropped to the floor and a speck of sawdust leaked out on the rug. I guess the teddy bear felt sick, too.

The pillow was damp, I must have cried a little. Dad had said it wasn't manly to cry. Only babies cried. Mother and Dad were sick too. Mother was in a far room, but I could hear Dad in the next room. Sometimes he'd cough. I could hear him breathe real hard. He'd only started breathing like that this morning. "Dear God, make Dad and Mother well, and look after Gyp, and fix my teddy bear, and make me well. Please do it right away, dear God." God never failed me. There was the time I'd prayed for Gyp to get well, again I'd prayed when I was lost. God and I sorta understood each other.

The nurse came in and felt my head. Her hand

was cool and soft. Her dress rustled when she walked.

Dad must be awfully tired he was breathing so deeply. Like the windmill pump on Grandfather's farm—a steady chug, chug, chug, chug. Suddenly the breathing stopped, and it was real quiet. I watched a speck of dust sink down in the sunlight.

The nurse went in and out of Dad's room.

Historical Viewpoints II

*The room grows dark
and all the air
is shot with death
and dark despair.*

Egypt bloomed at half past ten
then crumbled to sand again.

*A trumpet called
and scarlet ran
while drums beat 'no'
in the skull of man.*

Greece aspired and lustful Rome
grew festering in a catacomb.

*Thin black head
and a lean white face
converge in the air
and interlace*

while through the smoke and through the din
worlds make endings and begin.

*Empty skulls
with an eye on art
in a broken world
come in, depart;*

while endless worlds stretch far away
making endless endings from day to day.

*The jazz band throbs
with lustful rumbas
beats the blues
in drumming numbers.*

And O the West, the great, the proud
is but a dynamo within a shroud

and all your throating against the blight
will turn to ashes in a single night

while down the sky the nations reel
brain pans break and the wrecks congeal;

then another face will scan the sky
licking a lone grim prophecy.

*Etiolation of a face becomes sardonic after
fear,
so Greece bends down her marble mouth and
whispers in a granite ear.
so a long farewell and a long farewell*

for what is the West when Greece is done
and what is the West when Rome
and what is hell?

*Skull to skull
and thigh to thigh
in the dust of centuries
the West will lie.*

*Loin grinds loin
from day to day . . .
the West grows old
while the jazz bands play*

and the jazz bands play
and the jazz bands play

in one long western holiday.

—James Whiting Saunders.

Pretty soon the doctor came and entered the room. Then they both came and sat down at my bed. He smiled but the nurse had tears in her eyes. I guess she didn't feel good either. He stopped and picked up the teddy bear. The sawdust leaked out in a thin stream. He looked down at the teddy bear and said, "Your father is dead." The nurse began crying again. Pretty soon the doctor left. I turned and faced the wall. There were little bumps in the plaster that you could loosen with your finger nail.

That afternoon two men came with a stretcher and carried out something from Dad's room. After they were gone, I called to Dad, but he didn't answer. The nurse came running and said they had taken Dad away and that he was dead. I asked her when he was coming back. She said he would never come back, that he was dead.

I turned toward the wall again. My throat hurt, and it was hard to swallow. We could never go swimming together again. He wasn't coming back. God hadn't heard me. Too many other little boys had prayed before me. He hadn't got to my prayer. I had waited in line once to get a stick of candy from Santa Claus, and Santa had run out before he got to me. And now God had run out. Mebbe I'd asked for too much; I guess I should only have asked for Dad and Mother to get well.

The sun wasn't shining on the brass ball of the bed any longer. The room was all dark, and there wasn't any breathing, just a dark room.

Grandmother used to tell me stories before bedtime. Sometimes she would tell about her ancestors who came over in the Mayflower. Then I would look at Grandfather and his eyes would twinkle and the corners of his beard would move. He had a long, white, chin mustache that jiggled up and down when he spoke. Then after the stories were over I'd ask Grandmother to take out her teeth. We would both go in the bedroom, and she would take out the teeth and put them in a glass of water. I'd hold up the glass and the teeth would look big and vicious. Grandmother's face was always funny when she was ready for bed. Her mouth would sink in and her nose and chin would come close together. It had frightened me at first when I saw her face all folded up for the night, but I was used to it now. She wouldn't let anyone except Grandfather and me see her without her teeth. I asked her to take her teeth out once when we had company and she tried to kick me under the table, but I had drawn up my feet, and she hit Granddad instead. He dropped his fork and looked surprised.

Grandmother always used to be sick. She had a book on diseases, and every week or so she would have a different disease. The medicine chest was full of pills and bottles that were necessary to keep Grandmother running. Grandfather used to keep about three pages ahead of her in the book on disease, and he would always know what to do when she was developing something new. Some of her pills were quite good. I would lick off the pink candy on the outside then throw the pill away. One day a friend called with her little girl and I split up a box of pink pills with her. I forgot to tell her that they were only to be licked, and she ate her half. My grandmother put a stop to my licking the pills.

She used to go on a diet frequently, and Granddad would always lose weight. Spinach was her favorite dish, and at mealtimes masses of spinach would be piled up in the middle of the table. I didn't mind the diet because I ate all the time during and between meals, but Granddad would grumble and growl when he saw the tiers of spinach. We would be on the diet about three days then Grandmother would get hungry, and we would go off the diet. I think she used to cheat because I found her raiding the ice box one night when we were all on a diet. The diet was a success though because Grandfather lost about ten pounds one month. He never really came out and said he was against the whole business because he wasn't quite sure how his opinion would be received. Grandmother never cared for his opinions.

She didn't think much of his driving either. We always rode in a high car that had a lot of brass up front. The horn was the best part of the

(Turn to Page 8.)

The Motion Picture and Stage Play

AFTER repeated visits to the motion picture theatres to see the film versions of stage plays, I have become firmly convinced that the industry has erred in attempting to bring the products of the legitimate stage to the screen. The fault, it seems is to be placed directly at the doors of the large picture studios and nowhere else. In their mad effort to bring the successes of the theatre to the masses of population, they are in turn ruining the living theatre. Since the screen started to speak, the producers have been pressed for material. Naturally they believed that the logical source of supply should be the legitimate drama. You ask why. Simply this. Spoken pictures called for dialogue, and as drama is necessarily written in dialogue, they seized upon the opportunity and began taking over stage plays for picture production. The result—we'll let it speak for itself.

Let us start with *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. This was one of the best mystery plays that Broadway has ever had the opportunity of seeing. There was action, excitement, and thrills. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer transferred it to the screen, the script was carried almost intact. The only variation of any note was the short prologue introduced to give the play a start. It must be admitted that the picture was a success. The same season saw the presentation of *The Desert Song*. What old theatre attendant does not remember Robert Halliday's splendid performance in this really first class operetta. In the hands of Warner Bros. we were given a creditable version with the now popular John Boles singing his way to stardom. Universal was highly unsuccessful in their effort to stage a reproduction of the *Show-boat*. The difficulties with their version are numerous; however, the greatest fault lies in the fact that they tried to mix Edna Ferber's novel with the Ziegfeld production and the result—well why shed tears over the consequences.

One of the most feeble efforts of the screen to catch the spirit of the stage was in the Paramount filming of *Cocoanuts*. Those who were fortunate enough to see the stage presentation will I believe agree that this picture alone should have proved the absurdity of attempting to present a fast moving musical comedy to the screen. The futility of the effort expressed itself in the camera attempting to capture the chorus in action and give a real impression of the actual event.

Frederick Lonsdale's clever comedy of manners was fairly well produced. *The Last of Mrs. Cheney* came from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, almost without a scar. This possibly was due to good casting but more than likely to first rate directing. Clifford Brooke, well known on Broadway was the guiding hand that steered this delightful comedy from oblivion. A picture that was produced at about the same time by Universal did not have such luck. I speak of *The Last Warning*. Of all terror plays, this together with *Dracula* belong at the top of the list. Paul Leni, the director, did not succeed in capturing the best features and the result was a bad picture.

This closes the season of 1928-29, the first year of real talking pictures. I have only mentioned a few of the many picture versions of stage plays. Let us now glance over the next season.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started with *Madame X*. The picture failed in one element. It tried to get too much scope into the drama. This was the beginning of the so-called movie versions. Those who have ever seen the play, will agree that for sheer dramatic value, this play is among the best. It is not new, but it will grip the audience every time. M. G. M. made every effort to capture the best elements, but, alas, the scope was too great and we were presented with features that detracted from the original version.

Hal Skelly by some unknown means was persuaded to follow the golden trail with his drama *Burlesque*. At the hands of the Hollywood magnates, the play was cut, sliced, and rewritten. Then Miss Nancy Carroll was dragged in by the heels to play the role created by Dorothy Declue. Miss Carroll was not suited to her part and naturally injured the production. This play, like any mentioned before, was not good motion picture material. Ziegfeld again comes to notice. This time his incomparable operetta *Rio Rita* draws

By NOEL RAMSAY

attention. Who does not thrill to think back on the colorful Cerban sets, the well trained ballet dancers, especially in the *Moonlight Ballet* and of course, Ethelind Terry as the incomparable *Rio Rita*. Now it is a problem how the pictures could be expected to reproduce such a beautiful effect. The answer is logically that it cannot be done so *Rio Rita* was not a good picture. Those who were not fortunate enough to see the original version may disagree, but the counterfeit in no way equalled the real production.

Skipping along, I next observe *Anna Christie*. Greta Garbo made a try at this but—well why go into that. As a play, O'Neil has captured something of life, paused, and let us observe how the other half live, but as a picture, the basic failure was in casting. Greta was starred, Greta was Anna, Greta was the picture. That should explain my personal contempt for this type of thing. How can we expect to have a play made into a picture if the scenario writers forget that they did not write the original!

Journey's End came out of the movie capital in a comparatively decent shape. The only answer is that the leading man was from the original London company. Sherriff, the author, can praise Heaven that the butchers of Hollywood retained his play and gave it a rather sincere treatment. While we are casting bouquets

Night Ride

The moon made all things silver at that moment,
The house, the transfigured wave of fields,
Even the great red barns were whitely drenched
By moon and mist that wed in dew.
Bewitched, all things most deeply slept and dreamed,

The sheep that blurred the gray-green hills,
The stream that moved but did not murmur here,
The frogs that fell asleep in singing—
Poplar trees caught coming up the slope
Stood still and scarcely dared to breathe.

By Lee Anna Embrey.

in the direction of England, one more should be added. George Arliss's production of *Old English* was a faithful interpretation of the stage play. Those who were fortunate enough to see this back in twenty-four or five, will remember the excellent acting of Arliss. Every gesture, word and movement were faithfully represented on the screen.

The Fox Film Corporation put their foot in trouble with *Liliom*. Charles Farrell was selected for the lead and his utter incapacity in the part completed the ruin already done by the continuity writers. Molnar's sophisticated, satiric tragedy was given a touch of the serious symbolism and then was added the trick photography of the German Studios. It is no wonder that those who think back with fond memories of Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schild-Kraut should shudder at the mention of the film version.

Warner Brothers deserve some credit for the production of *Outward Bound*. This play presents a problem that is difficult to stage and on the screen the difficulties are not decreased. Two reasons may be attributed for its success. The first was the cast. Leslie Howard made the picture and, the masterful directing of Robert Milton produced a really first class film.

There remain a few more pictures to discuss, and I shall dispense with them in a hurry. Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's drama, *The Front Page* came on the screen, a full proof that the line of division between the legitimate theatre and the motion picture is too great to ignore. Lee Tracy with a supporting cast of first class actors made this a rapid fire comedy in the theatre. On the screen, the action, thrills and vivacity were strangely forced and unnatural.

As *You Desire Me* came to the screen as the farewell appearance of Greta Garbo. The comparison of the film production to the stage play is the only fair way to prove that on the screen, this was a failure. In the first place, the drama was miscast. Try, if you can, and conceive how Greta Garbo can interpret a role in which Judith Anderson originally appeared. I am reminded of the statement of Katherine Cornell as regards her playing *The Barretts* of Wimpole Street, on

the screen. She said she could not act it. Neither could the great Garbo act in *As You Desire Me*. The play came from the translators in a badly garbled form but by the time the moving picture had tampered with it, we had little if anything left.

I have reserved for the last a play that in my mind should never have been photographed. It is *The Last Mile*. Before plunging into a discussion of the picture, let me speak of the drama. Here we have a play that was based on fact and then written into a drama for the theatre by John Wexley. The cast contained some of Broadway's stellar players, among whom were Spencer Tracy, Joseph Spurin-Calleria, Harry O'Neil, and last, the inimitable Ralph Theodore, best known as the "Big Cattleman" in *Burlesque*. These men were given excellent support and the play was one of the most terrific dramas ever staged. The psychological tenseness of the drama was most depressing and moving. There was no chance for sentimentality: the stark truth of men faced with death was before us and we had no chance to be sympathetic. Everyone was thinking the same thought, the horror of knowing that your hours were numbered. When Tiffany placed this on the screen, the effect was quite the contrary. By the introduction of additional characters and scenes, the intense nervous strain was broken. We were given a drama of sheer sentimentality. Even the end was changed to please the popular audience and need it be added that this change was for the worst?

My discussion may appear a bit long and have missed some dramatic productions that should have been discussed; however the only picture purposely passed over was *Grand Hotel* which I did not see on the stage and so cannot judge as to its merits from both angles. The genius of my thought has been then, that the pictures are not in a position to reproduce a stage play at present because of the inevitable changes that in most cases ruin a play. The gap is too great to bridge with the continuity department and the process of photographing faithfully stage plays is impracticable as it usually leads to a stilted performance. My conclusions were brought to their final state after seeing the picture version of *The Last Mile*.

Those who seek a solution to the dilemma may find it here. The picture industry should go back to the old business of having material written expressly for the screen and the use of novels that give it the scope demanded by the films. To continue in the present practice of being the mirror of the stage, selecting plays that have proven successful in the theatre and reproducing them with bad casts will lead eventually to the failure of the industry.

THE POET'S SOUL

My soul may huddle by the fire
When the winds howl;
The poet's soul is flying South
With the wild fowl.

My soul reads books within the house
On winter nights;
His soul is dancing with the stars
And Northern Lights.

—Ellen Anderson.

A Radio Crooner

To some women's thinking is a god, and to most men's a fool. His stock in trade is an amorous voice and a thousand doleful love songs which he sings with many a sob to rend the hearts of foolish maidens. He accounts Irving Berlin superior to Schubert; above all music he loves a college song, and strives to be accounted a school boy though he has not been in a classroom for a decade. He expresses much of himself through the rail of a saxophone and the twang of a banjo, though he is master of neither. His voice has the sickening sweetness of chloroform and like the anesthetic often produces a troubled sleep. The uninitiated often cannot distinguish the sex of the performer. In short, his art is the degeneration of an old Spanish custom.

Gertrude Speiden.

IN A CLASSROOM

I had a wise professor once
To guide me on my way—
His subject he was master of,
(No one could well gainsay).
Two goodly sections in the work
Were trusted to his care,
And when the course got under way
The sailing all seemed fair.

But there was one thing worried him,
A most disturbing thought—
He must teach us just what
The other section had been taught;
No more, no less; his policy,
And what a task he set!
It weighed upon him all day long
And made the students fret.

One day he sauntered in to class—
It really was a shame!
And started twirling 'round his thumbs
And bade us do the same.
At length he ventured to explain
The reason for such play;
"You see," said he, "the other section
Had a holiday."

The next time found his attitude
Quite different from the last;
His heart was almost in his mouth,
His teeth were chattering fast;
"The other section's way ahead
To speed it up—make time—
To think of asking questions now
Would be an awful crime!"

And so things went, week after week,
We'd hurry, then delay.
But always keep with our unknown
Companions in the way:
It was not ours to question why
This ruling had to be,
It was but ours to "do or die"
And take it silently.

But now there comes the climax—oh
It's horrible to tell!
'Twas class time—everyone had heard
The ringing of the bell.
Yet our professor failed to come—
What was to be our fate?
Mute silence overspread the room
It was five minutes late.

Another minute—then, with awe
We saw a ghastly scene;
'Twas our professor at the door,
His face was sickly green!
He stepped inside, and on us fixed
A penetrating stare
That struck great terror to our hearts
As we sat helpless there.

He fumbled in his pocket, then,
And while the stillness grew
A shining automatic gun
Therefrom he slowly drew.
"My class," quoth he, "'tis time that we
Upon death's wave should ride
For alas—the other section
Has committed suicide!"

With lightning speed one brave soul struck
And knocked upon the floor
That beastly thing he would have fired
In just a second more;
He groaned—and then took out a knife
And stabbed it thru his heart—
Nought else to live for could he see,
The sections were apart!

By David D. Murray.

Autobiography

(Continued from Page 6.)

car. You squeezed a rubber and a noise came out that sounded like a goose honking. Grandmother always rode in the back seat and directed the driving. She used to remind him of the time he was courting her and the buggy tipped over. She called him Scott, and whenever we started out Grandmother would always say, "Scott, don't drive so fast." Then when we came to a crossing, "Scott slow up." Grandfather would frown, but he wouldn't say anything, and he wouldn't slow up. He kept on driving like he wanted to, and I think that Grandfather's driving was the only original trait he was able to cling to during the stormy career of his married life.

Editor's Comment

We regret that in the last issue, space did not permit our appearing in this column, although from the viewpoint of pure literature it was no misfortune to the Review to confine itself strictly to business. Our policy is one of avoiding as much as possible any appearance of the dilettante or the collegiate and to bring our readers three types of valuable and interesting material: first, contributions from outside people who have something important to say and address it particularly to us; second, announcements of discoveries or theories of permanent value made by faculty members and graduate students; and third, the best of the literary production of the whole University body.

It was in accordance with this policy that we presented the symposium on Manchoukuo last month, and Dr. Willard's article this month. Next month we expect to have political articles by American leaders with world-wide reputations, and can promise our readers that we shall do everything in our power to bring to them articles and other material not inferior in quality or importance to the best produced in this country.

Our chief contributor this month, Dr. Willard,

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is very well-known in the field of sociology. He was born in 1892 in Menomone, Wis., and attended school in Illinois, Iowa, and Washington state. He was graduated A. B., from Grinnell College in the University of Washington, just in time to serve in the war. After discharge he did research for Columbia University and came here in 1928, having received his Ph.D. in 1927.

It seems to be the evil fortune of this paper to change editors frequently. Last year there served Miss Miriam DeHaas, Mr. John Heimburger, Miss Eire Mooney, and Mr. Herbert Alexander. Mr. Alexander resigned early this autumn, and his place was taken by the present Editor. Now it has developed that the incumbent of this jinxed office will probably leave school in February, grades permitting. Not only will there be a new editor but also several new assistant editors and staff associates. Opportunities for work on the Review are therefore especially good at the present time.

We are adding new people to our staff and welcome inquiries about staff work or contribution. All material submitted should be deposited on the Review box downstairs in the publications building. We only regret that we cannot run all the material we have on hand, and have to hold several interesting articles over for the next issue, but—this does not imply we could not use more!

—THE EDITOR.

Chicken Victory

(Continued from Page 4.)

iously. In the midst of the process, suddenly remembering something, he gathered himself up with a jerk, and slid out of bed. As he did so, his feet found their familiar way into shoes beside the bed.

His mother had set his breakfast on the kitchen table for him. But Paul did not stop to eat. He ran to the barn, opened its door cautiously, and closed it as carefully after him. Presently he emerged, carrying under one arm Barlow's Leghorn rooster; under the other his own little Bantam gamecock, whose black feathers shone in the sunlight with iridescent greens and blues.

Paul followed the short route leading behind the barn, across the corn field to the mill. Most of the way he ran, with the two birds held firmly under his arms. His damp, warm fingers stuck to their soft feathers.

Inside the walls of the mill, he found the spot where the fire of the previous night had been. The ashes he scraped aside with his foot, making a hard round spot on the ground, like an arena. When he had done scraping, he stood still a moment, and looked, first, at the Leghorn, dismissed it with, "I don't like you"; then turned to his Bantam, working his fingers in its shiny feathers. At this the chicken cocked its head curiously to one side and darted a swift peck at the disturbing hand. Paul laughed. He stooped then, and without letting loose the chickens set them down, facing each other.

There was a ruffling of neck feathers. They were still antagonists! Paul let go his hold on them. They stood and sparrd a moment, craning their necks, ruffling neck feathers, spreading wings, scratching. Then they advanced, cautiously, at the first encounter. They dodged; they flew at one another; they pecked.

On the border of the little arena, Paul sat on his haunches, his fingers pressed against his mouth as if to stifle any outcry. His head moved slightly from side to side as the fighters shifted back and forth. His eyes were fairly starting so rapidly did he watch the spectacle. He did not feel the ache of his cramped muscles, or hear any sound but the angry squawks of one or the other bird as it received a painful peck on the comb. Only occasionally would his whole tense little body lift slightly as the two cocks flew at each other afresh.

Half an hour went by. The two began to fight less with their spurs, but settled more to beak-ing, striking for comb and eyes. The birds were a good match. The Bantam's small size was compensated by unusual quickness, and the lust to kill that ranged strongly in his breast.

Once the Bantam dodged the attack of the white, raised his head suddenly, and gave a vicious thrust at the other's eye, such a thrust that brought the blood spurting. A muffled cry from Paul. He was on his knees now, with his hands slapping the ground excitedly.

The white cock despite its injury kept beaking, though more wildly now, and began again to jump and fly at the other. Once as it flew up its spur caught somewhere in the outspread wing of the Bantam. That brought a furious "awk" from the little bird.

"Oh!" Paul wailed and clapped his hands together. But the wily Bantam with a few comb pecks and the wing scratch scarcely diminished the fury of his quick little attacks. It was the white cock that was weakening. The one injured eye proved a dangerous hindrance.

The wings of the white flapped with less and less energy. His labor became great. As he sank a little, the Bantam in a sudden sharp leap caught the throat of the exhausted white on his spur. A dark red stream trickled down the white-feathered neck. The bird reeled back, its wings still spread and fluttering aimlessly. Its struggle was valiant. A few more moments—fighting, trying to withstand the Bantam. Then it flapped weakly and rolled back, lifeless.

At once the Bantam stood off, strutted, and announced his victory in a mad flapping of wings, and such a crowing that it must rend its throat, must crack and burst it. And Paul jumped up! He danced up and down, turned around and around, drunk with glee. "I knew it! I knew it!" he shouted in exaltation.

He thought his eardrums would split in his crazy joy at hearing the triumphal crow. He was happy! Happy! He rejoiced as he had not once since the day Barlow arrived with his white Leghorn. Barlow?

Paul glanced at the poor white bird, lying on the ground. A wind that raged over the hill in passing ruffled the dark-stained feathers slightly, only very slightly. But it carried high, as part of its own whistling song, the chanty of the exultant Bantam.